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FERDINAND FRANCK;

AN

Auto-Biographical Sketch

OF THE

YOUTHFUL DAYS

OF

A MUSICAL STUDENT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. ACKERMANN, 101, STRAND.

1825.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of this Autobiographical Sketch has been inserted in two successive volumes of the "FORGET ME NOT," published by MR. ACKERMANN, who, from particular reasons, which are explained in the "FORGET ME NOT" for 1826, as well as the favourable reception and flattering criticisms with which these Memoirs were honoured, has been induced to submit them to the public in the present collective form.

Owing to the Author's absence, he only became acquainted with the execution of this determination after the Work had gone through the press, and thus missed the wished-for opportunity, both of ren-

dering his labour in general more perfect, and of making a few amendments which he had in contemplation; more particularly with regard to Section 29, which in its present state may appear somewhat abrupt and incomplete, it being but a fragment of the original manuscript, owing to the excision, during the Author's stay on the Continent, of certain particulars in the history, which the proprietor of the "FORGET ME NOT" felt reluctant to introduce into that Miscellany. But as the curtailment in question in nowise affects the substance of the narrative, it is hoped that this, and any other casual imperfections, will meet with the reader's indulgent consideration.

FERDINAND FRANCK,

&c.

I.

THE AUTHOR PAYS HIS RESPECTS.

WHETHER the present auto-biographical Sketch had any claims to be put upon record, is a question which the reader will be better able to decide than I am. To me there appeared to be no doubt of the matter; and it was the fear only of the task being undertaken by others less capable than myself, that induced me to be my own biographer. Who, I ask, can be more competent to write his life than "the subject of these Memoirs?" Let every man tell his own story. He will tell it his own way, it is true; but if, as these pages will prove, he knows his own failings, his weak sides —nay, if it be part of his purpose that others should benefit by his errors—if the monument he erects to his own fame be not altogether of Car-

rara marble of milky whiteness, but a mosaic, intermingled with quartz and mica, and here and there even with little fragments of black basalt—truth, it is hoped, will not be the worse for the narrative.

Next to candour, brevity will be my aim: far from following the example of the veteran Goethe, whose great celebrity warrants him in thinking the most trifling occurrences in his long career of sufficient importance to posterity to occupy a place in the voluminous tomes of his auto-biography, I shall make a scrupulous selection from the Journal which I began on the day when the kindness of a more experienced friend performed, for the first time, a premature tonsorian operation upon the downy erstlings of puberty. I shall exhibit such incidents only, as appear to me to have influenced, in some degree, my future destiny; but, while I shall be sparing in this selection of pictures from real life, those that may be deemed fit for exhibition will not be mere outlines, or dauby sketches of a few random strokes. I shall endeavour to make my drawing as correct and neat as I may be able, give it all the advantage of light and shade, and adopt such mode of colouring as may best suit the subject.

2.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

FAITHFUL to this pledge, I shall, at one leap, clear the first sixteen years of my existence, and at once introduce the reader to an honest couple, Mr. and Mrs. Franck, my uncle and aunt, who, after the death of my good parents, not only took the poor helpless orphan under their roof, but loved and cherished him as though he were their own child.

This act of charity was the more meritorious, as Mr. Franck's means were extremely slender. His annual salary, as schoolmaster in the little town of Feldberg, did not exceed the moderate sum of seventy rix-dollars; to which may be added a trifling pittance derived from the collection of a small duty on every head of cattle which entered the town, the exemption from house-rent afforded by the public school-house, and the use of a garden attached to it. The perquisites were trifling; now and then a fat goose, or a ham, from the parents of those boys whose aristocrat skins were more respected than the devoted sedimentals of plebeian urchins; and, at Christmas time, pork and sausages from every house in the village, except the Jews.

Originally destined to be my uncle's successor,

no pains were spared on his part to perfect the candidate in a calling to which he attached the highest possible merit and importance, and which, it must be owned, he filled with great credit to himself. The precise extent of his Latin knowledge I was then too young to estimate: but what he possessed of that commodity was by no means locked up in selfish silence; on the contrary, the most trivial occurrences received elucidation by abundance of proverbs and adages in prose and verse, so frequently applied, that many of these valuable sayings became, in sound at least, quite familiar to my aunt, who would often presume to finish the alien sentence, heedless of the inevitable comparison to a parrot or magpie, to which feathered linguists Mr. Franck was pleased, on such occasions, to liken her. The study of numerals being a favourite pursuit, carried on by way of relaxation even in hours of leisure, no wonder that in this branch he became the theme of conversation and an oracle of consultation to the whole district. In the solution of his problems he did not at all times take the shortest road towards mathematical truth; he was in love with figures, and so did not care how many sixes and sevens trickled from his busy quill: but the truth he would have, in his own way, to the last fragment of a fraction; nothing *præter propter;* he abhorred approximation.

Mr. Franck's study of his vernacular tongue,

the German, was carried to so high a degree of perfection, that he talked it differently from any other person whatsoever; and every such deviation he was able and prepared to support, by argument or analogy, against any opponent except my aunt, whom Nature, in her wisdom, had indemnified by the quantity, for what she lacked in respect of the quality and purity of her own tongue.

Among the functions connected with my uncle's situation of schoolmaster was also that of precentor, or leader of the vocal effusions of the congregation of Feldberg on Sundays; and in that capacity it formed part of his duty to instruct the boys in singing choral melodies.

Mr. Franck was likewise a great adept in the science of physiognomy. A small prize in the lottery had enabled him to purchase the work of Lavater, much against the inclination of Mrs. Franck; and none of the boys that entered his school were exempt from a severe physiognomical scrutiny according to the rules given by the great Swiss philosopher.

I think it necessary to be thus particular in the enumeration of my uncle's qualifications and occupations, because they more or less influenced my subsequent inclinations and destinies. It is in this view that I feel pride in paying a tribute to the strict integrity which pervaded every action of his life. To his moral precepts, and more so to

the force of his example, I owe, thank heaven, the cheering consciousness of unsullied honesty amidst the numerous aberrations of my youth as well as of a riper age.

In Mr. Franck's bills of extras furnished to his scholars, not only not a quill appeared that was not actually delivered, but every article was charged at the price he paid for it. I also well remember a serious difference between him and my aunt, occasioned by the drooping health of one of the pigs, which they were in the habit of keeping. On her proposing to sell the invalid before its condition became hopeless, he started with a look of dignified surprise from his elbow-chair, and in this perhaps solitary instance all the special pleadings and thrifty reasonings, which flowed from her valuable organ of speech, not as milk and honey, but rather like the pelting of a hailstorm, were words to the winds. Mrs. Franck was compelled to close the chromatic duet with the wonted *coda*: "You *are* poor, and *will be* poor all the days of your life."

It may be supposed, that my uncle's quarterly accounts of the receipts of the duty on every head of cattle that entered the gates of Feldberg were models of correctness. Indeed the rare method which his scrupulous honesty had suggested to him in managing this trust deserves to be handed down as an example worth-

of the imitation of all public accomptants. Let them observe the simple but efficient system of Mr. Franck, and the terms of "Deficiency in Balances," and "Public Defaulters," will vanish from the financial vocabulary of nations. Acting upon the broad and plain principle, that all the money he received was, not as to amount only, but identically such as it came to him, the property of his employers, the dues he collected passed through his hands no otherwise than by dropping them through a narrow aperture into a box of block-tin. As the padlock of this box was opened by him but once a quarter, in the presence of his superior, the contents of the box invariably corresponded with the accounts. In vain would neighbours request the occasional favour of small change for a gold piece, the tin box remained hermetically closed from quarter-day to quarter-day: in vain the superior's complaints of the tedious operation of counting coppers and small silver; "Such as I had it, such I yield it," was the invariable reply of my honest uncle.

Ye stewards, receivers, treasurers, paymasters, and commissaries! what think you of this talisman of honesty—the tin box of Mr. Nicholas Franck, schoolmaster, precentor, and collector of cattle-dues at Feldberg?

3.

LEARNING BY INOCULATION.

THE progress I made in scholastic studies enabled me at an early age to assist effectively in the arduous task of my uncle. I wrote a beautiful hand, and my predilection for the Latin rendered my proficiency in that language so striking, that, according to his own declaration, I nearly equalled his attainments in it. In short, I was a promising youth, with every reasonable prospect to do well in the world, if the world would do fairly by me. Nevertheless, my uncle occasionally let drop some hints indicative of his doubts as to my future prosperity in the career of tuition.—Poor man! his own example furnished an *argumentum ad hominem.* These doubts manifested themselves by degrees more explicitly.

I soon observed, that the secret and solemn discussions, which frequently took place between him and aunt after dinner, had nought but me for their object.

A newspaper from the capital brought these discussions to a sudden and decisive termination, for a time at least. It was stated, in a demi-official manner, "that his Highness the Grand-Duke, fully impressed with the beneficial effects which attended the new system of mutual instruc-

tion, upon the Lancasterian plan, graciously intended to select a few intelligent young men, to be sent to England with a view to study the system in all its details at the fountain-head, in order that on their return the same might be introduced in every part of the grand-ducal dominions."

The paper in question was brought to my uncle by his friend Mr. Knobelsheimer, the doctor of the town, who jocularly observed, that people were never too old to learn; that my uncle, together with every schoolmaster in the country, would have to journey to the capital, to go to school again for six months or so; and that perhaps in a year or two there would hardly be any occasion for schoolmasters at all.

This intelligence acted like a thunderbolt on the frame of Mr. Franck, who entertained the greatest veneration for the profession of which he was a worthy member. When he had somewhat recovered from the first effects of his alarm and indignation, he reproved the vivacious doctor for the levity with which he could treat a matter of such deep importance to the country at large. "May Heaven," he pathetically exclaimed, "guide the understanding of our gracious sovereign, and turn him from a purpose so pregnant with mischief and calamity to all his subjects! If Germans be doomed to copy other nations, why imitate their weaknesses instead of their excellences? Why not in-

troduce a constitution similar to the British, and a trial by jury; why not imitate England in her generous and benevolent institutions, in her public encouragement to merit of all kinds? Copy her in these and the like things, by all means; but leave her the mania for mechanisms, so destructive to the prosperity of the people at large. I tell you what, Mr. Knobelsheimer, the English, with their steam-engines, steam-boats, spinning-jennies, rail-ways, threshing-machines, and a thousand other knick-knacks of machinery for diminishing labour, have gradually succeeded in putting hundreds of thousands out of bread; while, on the other hand, vaccination has rapidly augmented the breadless population. For this impoverished excess the ordinary and rational means of instruction were deeemed insufficient or too expensive, and so they must be taught by a mechanism of a living kind. For what else can it be called than mere mechanism, when boys teach boys, as I have seen a dozen head of cattle lick each other on our common?—But in our dear Germany, my good friend, things are not yet come to that pass; we are not so rich as the English, it is true, but we are less poor too: there are enough to teach, and not too many to be taught. Look at our boys in this place, doctor....."

But I have pledged brevity to the reader, and this pledge must be violated were I to give but the

substance of the remainder of Mr. Franck's sentiments on this occasion. In truth, it would be out of my power so to do; for after having held forth for an hour or so in our parlour, he waxed gradually hoarse from the exertion; his organs of speech became parched, and to supply the requisite moisture, Mr. Knobelsheimer proposed to adjourn the debate until their arrival at the Three Crowns, where probably farther particulars of these sad tidings might be collected. So forth they sallied down the High-street, in such active discussion all the way, that, at every dozen steps, my uncle made a dead stand to face the doctor, and held him by a button to ensure the desired immobility.

4.

TWO STRINGS TO THE BOW.

As I had been accustomed to go early to bed, I saw nothing more of my uncle until next morning at breakfast, when he addressed me in nearly the following terms:

"The sad intelligence, my dear Ferdinand, is but too true, and our profession, to which I am sure you would have done honour, has nothing but ruin in prospect. But the wise are not to be dismayed by misfortune—*impavidum ferient ruinæ.* As for myself, the few years I may have to live render the future of less consequence; but it is

my duty to provide for you in the best manner means, or rather my judgment, (for the me are limited indeed), may enable me to do. I not wish you to forsake the scholastic line enti ly: times may change, *tempora mutantur*; ar as the poet says, *vosmet servate rebus secundis*: b I mean you to have two strings to your bow; an thanks to the kindness of Dr. Knobelsheimer, an [illegible] Providence, who never sends what we mortal [illegible] a misfortune without putting the remedy [illegible] our reach, the second string is found. The [illegible] of the doctor render some of the labo- [illegible] duties of his profession fatiguing to him: [illegible] of decoctions and ointments affects his [illegible] and he wields the pestle with difficulty. [illegible] in the most friendly manner offered to in- [illegible] you in his art, gratuitously; and, out of [illegible] to me, he will spare you at such times [illegible] day as may be required for your assisting [illegible] hitherto in the business of the school, and [illegible] own improvement in the scholastic pro- [illegible] In short, you will have to attend in his [illegible] hours in the day, and for the rest live [illegible] with us as before."

[illegible] of the thing, together with an in- [illegible] thirst after knowledge of every kind, and [illegible] degree of ambition which lurked in my [illegible] being, rendered this proposal perfectly

welcome. My imagination already beheld the doctor's diploma, carriage and horses, in and outdoor patients without number, consultations with the rest of the faculty, and splendid medical works, with the name of Ferdinand Franck, M.D. LL.D., &c.

The very next day I was seen in Dr. Knobelsheimer's laboratory, girded with a green tammy apron, cheerfully chopping liquorice and sarsaparilla for the purification of the juices of an elderly maiden lady. The town being rather healthy just at that time, I had abundant leisure to ransack the little library of my new principal, which by that means became divested of a thick stratum of dust, dead flies, and cobwebs, with which a quiescence of perhaps a quarter of a century had incrusted every tenant of the shelves. The books were old; and books, as I have since found, are like wine—not the worse for their age. The difference between old and new books, generally speaking, is, that the former were written in times when authors had more ideas than words; whereas, at the present day, the case is precisely the reverse. The improvements in literature and language have been so great, that now-a-days two or three ideas, and those perhaps borrowed, may be made to fill as many pages. The art consists partly in expressing the same thing over and over

again in a variety of elegant and rounded periods, and in not following the subject in a servile straight line, as Lapland mice are said to travel; but to digress a little to the left, and a little to the right, like a pert idle spaniel, sauntering through the populous Rue St. Honoré, looking in at every open shop-door, lapping at every puddle, sniffing at every corner-stone, and——

But to my old books of anatomy, surgery, pathology, botany, materia medica, &c., all which I devoured with the indiscriminating avidity of a youth whose ambition looked upon every folio and quarto as a step in the ladder towards fame and the doctor's degree. To these venerable tomes I owe a great part of the medical and other knowledge I ever acquired. The materials, it is true, were collected without system or judgment; but a riper age and understanding found them in store, and knew how to separate the ore from the dross, to arrange and order the chaos of crude elements, to supply deficiencies, and to extend the fabric upon a juvenile but solid foundation. It is a trite remark, but a true one, that we know nothing so well and so firmly as what we have learned while young.

As Mr. Knobelsheimer rather indulged than impeded these theoretical studies, the time passed agreeably enough between his shop and my uncle's

house for a considerable period. But since there is no perfect happiness in this sublunary world, various circumstances presented themselves from time to time, which acted as a drawback on the advantages of my situation.

5.

A MEDICAL LECTURE.

As there was no regular physician in Feldberg, we had but rarely to compound written prescriptions. When any were brought, they generally bore the signature of some celebrated man in the capital, and frequently directed out-of-the-way ingredients, which Mr. Knobelsheimer deemed unnecessary for the health of mankind, and therefore disdained to keep in his compendious store. In such cases I was told to substitute *quid pro quo;* and the remarks which my conscience urged me to make gave obvious offence to my principal. On other occasions, when casual applicants came for relief in his absence, I was rebuked by him for administering certain medicaments, although their successful and *speedy* effect pleaded for their propriety. This and other instances of his conduct remained inexplicable to me for some time.

One Sunday, however, Mr. Knobelsheimer asked me to partake of a goose, which my aunt had sent

him; he was unusually kind, and not sparing in filling my glass with his best Hock. Towards the end of the repast, he addressed me nearly as follows:—

"The attention, my dear Ferdinand, which you have paid to my instructions, and to the business in general, has been the theme of a conversation between your uncle and me in coming from church this morning. The good soul! his face beamed with delight when I told him what I thought of you; and I have given him a solemn pledge, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to lead you to fame and fortune. I am mistaken, Ferdinand, if, with your talents and industry, you do not one day, and ere long perhaps, make a figure in the profession. *(How I chuckled!)* But talents and industry, my boy, are not all that's required to make one's way through the world—especially in our calling. Every profession, my dear Ferdinand, has its peculiarities—mysteries I may say: and ours perhaps more than any other. It is now time that you should be initiated in these; but, before I proceed, I must require your solemn word of honour, that what may now pass between us shall go no farther than these walls. *(I pledged unconditional secrecy.)*

"Your own good sense must already have convinced you that, with the exception of a very few remedies of the most simple kind, the multifarious

drugs with which we dose our patients are either of no use to them, or downright pernicious. Our livelihood, like that of astrologers, depends chiefly upon their credulity and weakness. If they are cured or relieved, it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, not through our knowledge or medicaments. The self-restoring powers of Nature, time, and I may add, faith, generally do the business.—Faith does wonders. I have seen patients getting better from the moment they had merely consulted the doctor, or had my draughts in the house, although, from particular aversions, they had not been able to get one drop of them down their throats. What are we to collect from all this? What else, but that it behoves us to humour and foster the weaknesses upon which we exist, in all manner of ways? A great deal depends upon the first interview with the patient. Here a grave, thoughtful, sometimes mysterious countenance, tinctured with a little assumed sympathy, is essentially requisite at all times; but whether to make light of the disorder, or, what is mostly preferable, to affect to consider it in a serious point of view, is a question of some nicety, depending upon a matured knowledge of mankind in general, and especially upon the particular disposition of the person we have to work upon.

"I have found it of infinite service to begin the course, in most cases, by strong cathartics, by

way of clearing the *primæ viæ*. They are sure to lower the subject a peg or two in body and spirits, and to prevent a too quick interposition of the restorative powers of Nature; besides that, such a method affords an opportunity of building up again, by another course of tonics, what the course of cathartics has helped to pull down. As a specific in the art of pulling down, and indeed in a variety of other cases, I recommend mercury to your especial favour. Whatever this divinity may have been with the ancients, who adored him as the god of thieves, to me he has proved the god of riches. You have already seen the liberal use I make of it; and few that have had a *quantum sufficit* of it from my store have long been out of my books. It is a powerful, precious medicine; it shakes the constitution to its very foundation, and when once well *amalgamated* with it, will keep possession of its station to the last breath, and every now and then proclaim its stay in a thousand different ways, all tending to the benefit of the profession.

"So much for the beginning, my boy. As to the farther treatment, there is one thing I would particularly recommend: whatever medicines you think proper to send, let them be considerably *under* the *quantum* absolutely necessary. I do not mean by this, that you should stint your patient in the quantity of phials and powders, which his

purse and the distance may render it expedient to administer. It is the quality of the remedies which I more particularly allude to. Let them be as diluted with the pure element as possible. You will by so doing benefit your pocket and the patient too. The cure will be slower, but the more sure, because more scope is left to the operations of Nature.

"Nature, however, aided by a good constitution, although generally the doctor's best friend, very often shows herself too officious in her services; in such cases it is our interest to damp the ardour of the frisky dame. To adduce an instance, I need only mention the case of Apfel, the wheelwright. When, in my absence, he came to you with the hurt in his ancle, you gave him two kreutzers' worth of spermaceti ointment. On looking at his leg, I could not but marvel at the folly of such an application. I substituted immediately the *unguentum hydrargyri*, and experienced the best effects. The fellow has now a regular sore, which, with proper attention on my part, and the help of the *lapis infernalis*, may last him for three or four weeks to come.

"Another green trick of yours I heard of but the other day. Pray what did you prescribe to Mrs. Bartels, the sexton's wife, when she came to consult you?"

"I advised her to eat every morning, fasting, five or six figs."

"Figs indeed!—I would not give a fig for such a doctor: so you send your patients to the grocer, instead of relieving them yourself, do you?—But I ask your pardon—my zeal for the profession is carrying me from my purpose. It is not my wish to find fault; I wish to instruct, to guide you.—Here's to your future success, and may you ere long eclipse the Big-wigs in the capital, as I eclipse them with my *vital pills!* The envious fools procured a prohibition against my preparation, which has doubled their secret sale. We shall make a peck or two this week, and you will smile at the simplicity of their composition."

6.

A COLONEL OF HUSSARS.

THE foregoing theoretical disquisition of Doctor Knobelsheimer's was, fortunately for me, interrupted by a call for his practical skill. Baron Wolditz, a retired Colonel of Hussars, the greatest man in our little world, had suddenly been taken ill at his residence, two or three miles out of the town. The messenger, his groom, gave but an imperfect account of the symptoms; but Dr. Knobelsheimer, although thus left uncertain

as to the nature of the disorder, nevertheless immediately knew the precise potion which it was proper for the Baron to take on this emergency, and I forthwith prepared it according to order. This was another rare talent in my principal. When the patient lived at a distance, the doctor's sagacity always anticipated the remedy; and, when in doubt, he provided two or three different recipes, all which he took with him ready prepared, and for all which he deemed it reasonable that the party affected should pay. This practice had the double advantage of saving me long journeys and procuring him long bills.

As the reader will hear more of this Baron, it may be methodical to add, that in the present instance he was saved by the skill of ——— his housekeeper, whose excellent liver-dumplings had caused the evil, and whose valuable preparation of wormwood-cordial had removed the most alarming symptoms before the arrival of the professional aid carefully stored in the saddlebags of my master.

His absence left me at leisure to meditate on the purport of his conversation, which had filled me with amazement and an utter contempt for the man, and left an indelible impression on my mind. From that moment I secretly gave up all thoughts of following the profession of my worthy

principal. The disgust I felt for him may probably have influenced my subsequent conduct, and rendered me less attentive. Acting now from compulsion rather than choice, the complaint that I had relaxed in the discharge of my services may have been well founded. My uncle, with his usual mildness, but not the less seriously, questioned me once or twice on the subject. This was the first time I had seen him dissatisfied with me, and the thought that I gave displeasure to the best of beings, to my benefactor, to a man whom I adored, harrowed my soul. What embittered my situation was, the pledge of secresy which my master had exacted from me. Had I been at liberty to open my heart to my uncle, instead of reproving me he would have applauded my motives, and freed me at once from the state of misery in which my mind was plunged.

Even at this moment the remembrance of those distressing days remains in all its vigour, and I am sure my readers have a heart to feel for my situation. It was that of an innocent youth, unhappy for the first time; miserable from no fault of his own, but rather from a deep sense of right and wrong. Without some favourable change, a frame like mine would soon have sunk under this unmerited depression. My spirits flagged gradually; my appetite failed. It was in vain my

good aunt's ingenuity frequently prepared my most favourite dishes for dinner. I came dejected from my prison-house, and rose sad from table; I durst not speak my thoughts.

7.

TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

KNOW'ST thou, reader, the guardian angel that can pour balm into the wounded heart of man? Hast thou ever unbosomed thy soul to that guardian angel? unbosomed it in vain?

It was on a Whitsunday I had risen from dinner and seated myself under a favourite mulberry-tree in my uncle's garden, to muse on my forlorn condition, while he indulged in his usual afternoon's rest. Nature had begun to assume her festive attire; a mild vernal sun diffused invigorating warmth, and shed his cheering lustre around. All was still, and the repose of the day which the Christian devotes to the Almighty rendered this stillness more striking and more affecting. Nothing was to be heard but the wanton sonorous buzzing of insects resuscitated from their wintry torpor; the dallying quavers of surrounding bullfinches; the long and musical minims of a more distant blackbird; and the gentle rustling of the new-born foliage, moved, at starts, by the

transient gusts of the balmy breath of in
summer. Multitudes of bees hummed around
modest daisies; others quaffed deep the hid
sweet in the polyanthus and violet: even
beetles bustled with contentment over the r
raked mould of my uncle's tulip-beds. All aro
appeared joyous and happy; I alone felt forl
destitute, and friendless. This reverie was f
moment interrupted by the noise of Sultan's ef
to clamber over the garden-gate. He hast
joyfully to the mulberry-tree; the index of ca
temper wagged to and fro in vain, I was not
mood to return his civilities. The curly po
apparently sensible of the unmerited neg
placed himself right before me, and staring me
nificantly in the face, began a bark of expost
tion. He certainly meant to say, "What ail
kind master?" Fearful he might disturb
uncle, I paid him some little attention; but
barking brought Lisbeth, our maid, to the spo

Between Lisbeth and me there existed a
compact of rustic but close attachment. I
found her at my uncle's seven years before, v
the death of my parents had transferred me t
care. She then cherished the orphan-boy;
kindness ever since had been the same; unde
fostering care I had grown from a little urch
the verge of manhood: it was not above a tw
month ago that, from a sense of decorum, sh

continued washing me in a tub on Saturday evenings. Considering the foible which afterwards discovered itself in my disposition, I wonder I never fell in love with her, for Lisbeth had fine eyes and pleasing features.

"Again alone, Master Ferdinand," she exclaimed, seating herself on the bench by my side—"in low spirits again, as usual. Come, cheer up; young blood must not be downhearted. What is the matter, Ferdinand? What ails you?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, good Lisbeth. I am very well, as you see."

"Very well indeed; and have left three parts of the sparagrass on your plate, which you never could get enough of. Much as I like it myself, I could not bring my heart to eat what you left; for I was sure your being unhappy made you leave it."

"I had no great appetite to-day."

"No great appetite to-day; no appetite yesterday; no appetite all the week. There is a something, I am sure; and your aunt, too, says you are not as you should be. She is now boiling some of her physic for you, which you are to take to-morrow morning, first thing."

"I have physic enough at Dr. Knobelsheimer's. I don't want physic."

"So I told her; 'it an't the stomach,' says I to my mistress, 'it be the heart, that's out of order.'"

"The heart! Lisbeth. I hope the heart is sound."

"Sound or not sound, Master Ferdinand, I tell you what—I say you are in love, and that 's the long and the short of it. I knows what it is. I have been twice in love,—I may say three times; and I never could relish a morsel all the while, nor sleep a wink but when I was dreaming. When that creature, Martens, the weaver———"

"I assure you, Lisbeth, you are quite mistaken; I am not in love. To say the truth, I do not even know what it is to be in love."

"There, now we have it, just because you do not know it, you *are* in love; now it is quite certain; and what 's more, I know the girl. Didn't you promise Mary Dickel, the blacksmith's girl, the first handful of cherries that would be ripe in our garden?"

"I did, because she is the best writer at uncle's evening school, and does me the most credit. I never spoke two words with her, but what I may have said in school-time in the hearing of all the girls. I assure you, upon my word, it is not what you call love that affects my spirits."

"I know you always speak true, therefore I believe you. *(After a solemn pause.)* Ferdinand, have you done any thing wrong? Tell it to your friend Lisbeth; it can't be so bad that there shouldn't be

a help for it. Come, tell it all. There is perhaps a something on your conscience."

"My conscience is as clear as the pure sky over our heads."

"Dear, dear, what can it be? What *can* it be?—Now I have it; them musty books that he be reading all day long at the doctor's have turned the youth's brain. Ay, ay, books are sad things for young people. God forgive me! I wish all the books were burnt, but just the Bibles and Catechisms, and such like. There be no good coming from any on 'em. For one good thing in 'em, there be bushels of bad ones: and the Latin books, I am told, are the worst of all. I wish you had never been at that doctor's."

"You are right, Lisbeth; I too wish I had never seen him."

"And so says your aunt; and I can tell you there has been high words about it last night after you went to bed. He is a fine one, with a smooth face and a wicked heart; I am sure, *(sobbing)*, but for him I should now be married to poor Bob, whom he killed by his drugs; and do you know, the wretch had the impudence to make up to me, not three weeks agone. What d'ye think he put in my hand? A six-batzner,* forsooth; but I flung the money in his nasty face. He was artful

* A German coin, worth about nine-pence.

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"I have no particular reason, dear Lisbeth,
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affectionate exhortation to cheer up my spirits, as she was sure a favourable change could not be far distant.

8.

A CLEAR SKY.

ALTHOUGH the comparison between sorrows and a heavy burden is hackneyed, its practical use is often neglected. As the pressure of the latter is lightened when shared with others, so does grief lose its corroding poignancy, whenever we find, or rather choose to find, a sympathising heart to which to impart our sorrows. The act of communication alone operates beneficially; whereas grief, buried in the breast, like foul air locked up in a subterraneous cavern, augments its deadly poison. Man is destined to be communicative: his sorrows are lightened, as his joys are enhanced, by communication. The selfish, the unfeeling part alone of our species keep both to themselves; and thus it is that their joys are barren, their sorrows most bitter.

After the interview with Lisbeth, every surrounding object, as if by magic, appeared in gayer colours; a cheering spark of hope reanimated my breast; it seemed as if the bonds between me and the rest of the human race were tied anew. Re-

freshed and light in heart, I re-entered the house, at the moment when my uncle was descending the staircase, wig in hand, to prepare for the afternoon service. Methought I saw him wipe a tear from his eye; but his countenance looked placid and benevolent. "Art ready, Peg?" said he, with his usual kindness; and in a few minutes he and aunt and I crossed the rural church-yard, where the rose-trees which I had planted on the grave of my parents were vigorously budding into leaf.

In spite of the best efforts I made to assist my uncle in the hymn, my intonation seemed unusually unequal and faulty; the youth's advancing maturity was in conflict between the waning female diapason and the approaching tenor scale of manhood Our good parson's pulpit eloquence was generally of the homelier kind; nevertheless, his plain language and delivery made a forcible impression on my mind, for his text was—"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The instrument which is tuned in harmonics accordant with the tonic in which a performance takes place upon another, covibrates, by a process of mystic sympathy, in sweet concord. In the same manner did the simple but pure illustrations of this text vibrate to my very soul; they were

balm to my heart, and completed the process of mental reinvigoration which had so happily begun in my whole frame. Upon my uncle, too, the effects of our minister's sermon were forcibly obvious, prepared as he had been in my favour by the conversation which had passed between Lisbeth and me under the mulberry-tree; and which, as I afterwards learned, he had overheard from his bed-room window.

9.

A CONJUGAL PROMENADE.

No sooner had we left church, than Mr. Franck proposed a walk to the country, observing that he wished to discuss some matters of importance on the way. My aunt had no objection to the walk, provided her spouse would not run before all the way; but as for talking upon serious matters, she observed that home was the best place for such a purpose. In this proposal of my uncle's there might have been an innocent little stratagem. He foresaw objections to the arrangements he had in view, and he knew that the argumentative eloquence of his better half was irresistible when displayed in her own parlour, where the *vis motrix* could be exclusively concentrated in her tongue; whereas, when this moving power was in part ex-

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Not one of these plausible positions being conceded on the part of Mrs. Franck, the discussion by degrees grew animated, and soon changed into warm and vehement dispute. At first her rejoinders exhibited much oratorical regularity, and a suitable extent of close reasoning; but in proportion as my uncle put his best foot foremost, and walked as fast as she talked, Mrs. Franck lost ground and breath, and her arguments became more laconic, although not less forcible. In this crisis, however, her good sense soon discovered the default caused in her organs of speech by the pedestrian exertion; and, by a bold manœuvre,

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instrument admitted of any instruction at all: for he would often hide himself in the hay-loft to escape the hour of musical drill; and, like Orpheus, whose lyre subdued ferocious animals, Baron Fritz would sometimes employ the thicker wires of the piano to make neat little chains to confine owls and sparrow-hawks.

I had at times been permitted to accompany my uncle in these his professional walks to the Baron's, whose hospitable treats in Hock and cinnamon-cakes I still remember as the nectar and ambrosia of my youthful palate.—They do not make these cakes near so good at the present day.—On the above occasions, when, after a fruitless search and lusty call after Fritz, a writ of "*non est inventus*" was returned by the sheepish groom, who well knew where his favourite might have been found, the Baron, after uttering various tremendous cavalry-oaths, and swearing by all that is sacred to put the deserter twenty-four hours into the stocks, generally proposed to fill up the time by a little music of his own. He then sang an air or two of Hasse or Jomelli, and I was sometimes allowed to join in a duet. The Baron always praised both my voice, as one of the finest sopranos, and my natural talent for music; and he often tried to persuade my uncle to bring me up to the art, offering to contribute fifty rix-dollars per annum towards my musical education

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she sat herself down on the bank by the road-side. In this position, with my uncle upon his legs, buttressed in the back upon his long walking-cane, right opposite to her, Mrs. Franck soon recovered her lost ground in the debate, and appeared a perfect Amazon in argument.

As it now appeared more than probable that this controversy would soon proceed to an unpleasant rupture, I interposed my mediation; when, to my utter surprise, peace was restored in a few minutes, and the two contending parties agreed, as the dispute had arisen on my account, that it should be amicably terminated by a casting vote on my part; that I should choose myself, whether I would go back to the doctor's, or leave him at once; each party pledging itself to rest quite satisfied with my resolution, whichever way it went. I pronounced for the temporary return to my Æsculapian studies; we walked home contentedly, and supped heartily; and on the following day I resumed my chemical functions, as if nothing had occurred, with a lightened heart and good spirits.

10.

THE QUEUE.

SOME time after this restoration of matters *in statum quo*, a circumstance occurred, which, al-

hough trifling in itself, gave a decisive turn to ny future destinies.

The reader has already been introduced to the acquaintance of Baron Wolditz, the retired Hussar colonel in our neighbourhood. His only son, a wicked dog of about twelve or thirteen, was one of the few Latin pupils my uncle's school could boast of, previously to his removal to the College in the capital. His Latin, it is true, like all his other literary accomplishments, (except reading, and writing a hieroglyphic sort of penmanship,) was absolutely nominal; but as the father, although priding himself upon being able to read *Cornelius Nepos*, conceived literary attainments to be but secondary considerations in the education of a young Baron destined to be a cornet of Hussars, young Wolditz was pretty much left to his own inclination in regard to serious studies. One thing only gave the father real cause for regret. Baron Fritz had no ear for music, except that of drums and fifes; while the father had been one of the greatest amateurs in his regiment, played the flute very respectably, and sang opera-airs with an expression and grace peculiar to the tottering tremor of a weather-beaten colonel of sixty. Baron Fritz received lessons from my uncle on the piano-forte, whenever the former could be found at the appointed hour of tuition, or the condition of the

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One day, however, Baron Fritz, to our great surprise, was at his post; and, to my uncle's astonishment and his father's rapturous delight, went through the manual exercise of crotchets and quavers with much apparent perseverance. This act of resignation was rewarded not only with abundance of parental kisses, but with a bran-new six-batzen coin, by way of farther encouragement. After the lesson, Fritz, in great confidence, solved the mystery of his seeming reformation: his father's birthday was to be next week, on which occasion a little previous accommodation would not fail to procure him a handsome donation; and to make sure of an abundant harvest, as his father was very fond of Latin, he requested I would frame a Latin speech of congratulation, which, provided it were very short, he would learn by heart against next Wednesday. I was expressly charged to allude to the sire's military valour and

achievements, and particularly to the battle o
Rosbach, in which the old Baron had a horse sh
under him, and was saved from decapitation b
the miraculous intervention of his notable
man hair queue, which one out of three
dragoons cut clean in twain, leaving a dre
and everlasting gash on the *os humeri*; on
from that day the man of war never held up
head, but, like the Macedonian hero,
great Frederic himself, under whose banners
von Wolditz then and there so bravely did
was forced to incline it forward to the left.

The aforesaid fierce encounter hung, fairly
picted, framed and glazed, in the Baron's
in which, on every anniversary of the
Rosbach, a sumptuous entertainment was
the neighbouring gentry, including some
rades in arms from the capital. At
three, the time of the above catastrophe,
as could be guessed, the Baron, with a
step, advanced towards the picture, and
secret spring in the frame; when, lo!
dark foreground, consisting of cannon
powder-waggons, dead and wounded, &c.
if by magic, detach itself from the upper
into the deep frame, and exhibit to the
heroes the identical queue, the sacred relic
ditzian prowess. At that moment the
would rise on their legs, and the Baron, in

voice, exclaim, "*Es lebe der Zopf!*" (The queue for ever!) and drink a bumper of old Hock.

But to return to the birthday address demanded by Baron Fritz. Flattered vanity prompted me to accept a task from which a common degree of modesty ought to have made me shrink. It was my first literary essay, and moreover was to be in Latin! a language in which, whatever my uncle might think, I had made but moderate progress, and in which the Colonel was reputed to be so great a proficient, that any fault of mine would not escape his classic ken, and at once lower me in his estimation. But, like thousands I have since met with, what I wanted in knowledge was compensated by unblushing assurance. In short, that evening I penned the oration in German, and before breakfast the next day it was translated into a very homely sort of Latin, beginning with

"Carissime pater, patriæ *ornamentum*, *inimicorumque* terror!"

(Cetera desunt.)

Baron Fritz, as if he had been a publisher, declaring the composition to be much too long, a painful curtailment was necessary to adapt it to his slender powers of memorizing. Several rehearsals took place, the last of which, on the eve of the important day, gave fair promise.

II.

A GAP.

THERE are moments in life, the most
circumstances of which will never be effac
our recollection. I was papering pill-boxe
Knobelsheimer's shop the next morning, w
cob, the Baron's groom, entered, and in a
official tone delivered to me an invitation
with his master and the Baron Fritz. The
communication of the delightful message
overpowered my spirits. This unexpected
tion, the almost certain inference of the su
result of my literary labour, quite set me
myself. With my principal's consent I fo
left the pill-boxes in their crude chip, and h
home to make the suitable preparations o
for the Baron, as has already been mentio
variably had great company on his natal da

Aunt was in ecstasy; and uncle, instantl
from school, now for the first time heard, w
ward delight and surprise, the cause to whic
indebted for the approaching honour. He
forthwith to see the specimen of my Latin c
but Mrs. Franck prudently interposed a
infinite force and import in female rh
"*Nonsense*, my dear, there 's no time r
reading Latin speeches; let him be dress

Dressed, ay! what 's the lad to put on, for God's sake?"—

The latter sentence, like a blight over vernal blossoms, in an instant blasted the buoyancy of my joy. I had never given it a thought that my wardrobe was miserably imperfect, owing partly to the slender means of the family, and to the rapid growth of my age. My best coat had become fashionably short behind, but the cuffs had unfortunately made vast strides in their advances towards the elbows; the breeches might perhaps, by merciless bracing, have been brought into some approximation with their upper neighbour, if that had been of reasonable length; but the scarlet waistcoat, in which I had been confirmed, had, months ago, shown a reluctance of amicable contact.

My uncle readily and generously offered the loan of his own black satin; but on trial it was found to be in the other extreme, the protecting powers of its two pocket-flaps extending to but a short distance from the knees. Under all circumstances, therefore, the scarlet was deemed preferable to the black satin; and this settled, my uncle returned to his scholastic duties, after divers instructions as to conduct among my betters; instructions which dated from the *bon genre* of half a century ago, and were remarkable for the honeyed politeness and unbounded submissiveness which they inculcated.

Hair-powder being deemed indispensab
exalted an occasion, aunt exerted a degree
tic powers on my pericranial environs, w
the metamorphose they effected, truly s
and delighted me. In order to create a
side-buckles, resembling in length and
Brunswick *cervelat*, she imitated those
financiers who borrow of their own—a pr
which at all events is no robbery. My usu
being of goodly thickness, she contrived t
part of its contents; which being, by me
diagonal advance, brought from the rea
flanks, admitted, by the help of powder
pomatum, to be comfortably rolled up
shorter hair encircling my ears, and fixed
hair-pins of black japan. Thus far, I wa
Adonis in the looking-glass.

But the scarlet, on actual trial, gave a
uneasiness. All the powers of mechanism
in straps were incapable of effecting the wi
union with its lower neighbour; an *hiat*
defendus, resembling one of the lunulæ of
tes, and not unlike the space between the
and the equator, presented itself at the
upright motion; and the evil was aggravate
coarseness of the shirt, made of home-s
home-bleached hemp. Here again fem
terity devised an ingenious remedy. T

handkerchief with which aunt hid her virgin blushes at the altar, the only one she possessed, (the others being all blue and red striped,) this nuptial relic was neatly stitched to my shirt about the hypochondriac region, and tucked into the ecliptic zone below; thus affording the consolation, that on the eventual, and probably unavoidable, exposure of the *hiatus*, the ecliptic space would exhibit a goodly sight of the purest white, a very *via lactea*.

12.

AMELIA.

THUS arrayed, thus comforted, I proceeded with placid self-content to the Baron's, and was met in the hall by Baron Fritz, eager to introduce me to the company. He would scarcely leave me time to ask the particulars of the success of the Latin oration, but held up a new double louis-d'or, the reward which his exertions had earned him, and handed to me a sealed note from his father. Before I had time to open it, I heard the old Baron's voice exclaiming, "Walk up, Mr. Ferdinand! walk up!"

While we were ascending the ancient oak staircase, Baron Fritz kept tittering and chuckling in a strange manner, and from his puffed cheeks

burst those sonorous blasts, the tell-tale relics of a repressed horse-laugh.—Naturally imagining these unseemly sounds to be caused by the state of my costume, I lost much of the consequential self-possession I had conjured up while walking alone from the village of Feldberg; and with awkward bows, and deep blushes, presented my rural individuality before the Colonel and a company of ten or twelve guests of both sexes. Before I had time to survey the convivialists, the Baron took me by the hand, and with blunt affability introduced me to his guests as the friend of Baron Fritz, an accomplished scholar, a musical genius—in short, a prodigy of youthful perfection. "By G——, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "Mr. Ferdinand is the pride of our district; I 'll match him against any youth in the capital; and if his uncle will let me have my wish, he shall not rot among the cabbages and bean-stalks of Feldberg."

Gross as this flattery was, it gave me a great opinion of my importance, and helped to restore my lost countenance. Recovering my powers of observation, I noticed, amidst two or three couple of an advanced age, two young sparks, whose fashionable appearance sadly contrasted with my rustic costume, and three young ladies, nymphs in the most graceful attire. My eyes, when they durst look up, were rivetted on the charms of one of these, Miss Amelia Waldheim, a goddess, as I

hough trifling in itself, gave a decisive turn to ny future destinies.

The reader has already been introduced to the acquaintance of Baron Wolditz, the retired Hussar colonel in our neighbourhood. His only son, a wicked dog of about twelve or thirteen, was one of the few Latin pupils my uncle's school could boast of, previously to his removal to the College in the capital. His Latin, it is true, like all his other literary accomplishments, (except reading, and writing a hieroglyphic sort of penmanship,) was absolutely nominal; but as the father, although priding himself upon being able to read *Cornelius Nepos*, conceived literary attainments to be but secondary considerations in the education of a young Baron destined to be a cornet of Hussars, young Wolditz was pretty much left to his own inclination in regard to serious studies. One thing only gave the father real cause for regret. Baron Fritz had no ear for music, except that of drums and fifes; while the father had been one of the greatest amateurs in his regiment, played the flute very respectably, and sang opera-airs with an expression and grace peculiar to the tottering tremor of a weather-beaten colonel of sixty. Baron Fritz received lessons from my uncle on the piano-forte, whenever the former could be found at the appointed hour of tuition, or the condition of the

smart." Soon after, he paid me some ironical compliments on my scholarship, and asked whether I did not intend to publish something soon; in which case he would feel proud to become a subscriber. My answer was, "that I might probably be induced to write something on impudence, which, with his permission, I would dedicate to him." — "Bravo!" exclaimed Baron Wolditz; "bravo, Mr. Ferdinand! I told you what sort of metal he was made of. You had better sound a retreat, Cornet; or else you will find you have the wrong pig by the ear."

The entrance of a servant, with the information that dinner was on the table, put an end to this skirmish of rustic wit with the man of colours, who for the rest of the day conducted himself towards me with respectful discretion. Mindful of the wise instructions of uncle, in matters strange to my experience always to wait and see what others might do, I stood demurely behind the door, eyeing at a distance certain cards placed upon each napkin, from which I concluded that some social game was to precede the play of knives and forks. This erroneous induction, however, was dissipated by a summons from Miss Waldheim to seat myself at her left, conformably to the directions of the cards. The Baron soon discovered that Fritz, in a frolic, had entirely changed

oncerted order of sitting. Matters were
ised, but Miss Waldheim insisted upon
; the neighbours whom chance or Frits's
ıd assigned her. To this excellent crea-
ecame indebted for many valuable hints
the *bon genre.* Thus, when I sat at arm's-
om the table, spooning the craw-fish soup
ıd cautiously towards its distant destina-
ɜ kindly whispered, "Come close, Mr.
ıd; do in all things as I do."—"Then," I
"I shall do well indeed; but I fear it
'ulcan imitating the graceful movements
ıeen of Love."
nan of colours, opposite, observing the
lush on Amelia's cheeks, swore that Mr.
.d must have said a good thing, which the
had a right to hear. "Not near so good,
ɜ replied, "as what he told you before

the guidance of my lovely Mentor, all
l during the repast; I made rapid studies
ience of *bon ton*, which, to my astonish-
stead of coinciding with the maxims of
and humility inculcated by my uncle,
to consist simply in unaffected ease and

13.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

AFTER the coffee and a turn in the garde music was proposed. Amelia sent for a parc from the landau which had brought her unc and her from the capital, and at the request of t Baron selected a sonata. If I recollect right, was one of Haydn's.—Here, too, my musical tas experienced a total revolution. The most moder pieces in my uncle's repertory were six "suites of Christian Bach, which hitherto I had deeme the *nòn plus ultra* of the beautiful in instrume tals, and which I had been taught by uncle to pe form in a hard homely style, slow, with a prec sion of time equal to clock-work, and with inn merable embellishments of turns, tremolos, a shakes of all lengths.

When Amelia began to prelude, it seemed as her soul had transfused itself into her finger every passage had a meaning, and spoke to t heart: but when she came to the adagio, I w plunged into a trance of raptures. The mo powerful, the sweetest emotions, alternately seiz my frame; and as I turned the leaf, an involu tary tear dropped on the keyboard. She observ the tribute which her sensibility had exacted; a never shall I forget the transient glance of in fable sweetness with which she looked up to me.

When the sonata was over, the Baron desired I would join in a vocal duet with Miss Waldheim. A book of an Italian opera was produced, in which, from my ignorance of the language, I begged to be excused from taking a part. The Cornet, with a sneer, observed, that Mr. Ferdinand perhaps could favour the company with a Latin song.—"And so he shall!" exclaimed Miss Waldheim. I have a beautiful duet from a Mass of Haydn's, if Mr. Franck will be kind enough to join me."

"Ay," said the Baron, "he'll sing that equal to Cicero himself."

I had to begin: and, in spite of my best efforts, I became conscious of the hardness and dryness of my performance; when Amelia, with a feeling and expression to which I had hitherto been an utter stranger, repeated the same strain. But matters mended rapidly as we proceeded. Like the nightingale which, in soft responses, imitates the sweet and lengthened notes of her neighbouring mate, I caught every expression, every feeling of my lovely model: our hearts seemed to melt into each other, our souls swam upon our mutual sounds; two beings seemed united in one.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Baron—"Bravo!" resounded from the whole of the audience, the man of colours not excepted. The Baron protested, with an oath, that Cornelius Nepos could not have given more expression to the Latin words; and

that, next to the birthday speech of Baron Fr
no Latin composition had so much affected him
this duet. He himself now favoured the co
pany with a sample of his vocal powers. H
the guests displayed the full force of the friends
and devotion they bore to their kind host; b
although the Cornet, full of his antics behind,
flated the left cheek by the fulcrum of his tong
and tried by divers wry faces to put the audie
out of countenance, the utmost silence reign
until the conclusion of the Aria, when all sim
taneously joined in a roar of applause, and a cl
ping of hands, so tremendous, that the dogs
the yard felt called upon to contribute their m
in praise of their master, by a woeful barking a
howling; to which the poultry, and especially
geese, forthwith added a further *tutti* of harm
nious accents of approbation.

"Your very dogs, Baron, are musical!"
claimed the Cornet. "But pray, Baron, how
you contrive to give all this energy of expressi
and again this melting softness, to your into
tion?"

"It is more a gift of nature, my dear Corn
than any thing else: the flute, to be sure, affo
some advantages. But all this is nothing to w
I used to do before I lost my two front te
(Farther canine intonations below.) — I'll h
every one of these rascals shot."

14.

A CRASH.

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As ill luck would have it, the next dance was to be a cotillon, a dance which I knew not even by name: a country-dance I might probably have ventured, having seen it danced once or twice before. Here again, however, Amelia's instructions, and the anxious sagacity of the pupil, enabled me to achieve wonders in my eyes; the figures I executed with geometrical precision, and

mindful of her former charge, "to do in all things as she did," my steps visibly gained grace and lightness: but to my sorrow I observed that, with every increased exertion, the *hiatus valde deflendus*, the *via lactea* to the south of my scarlet, gained ground imperceptibly; an unsightliness which I determined to remedy by a little stooping. But with the angelic form before me, an antelope in graceful swiftness, this prudent resolution, to my cost, was soon forgotten.

My male companions, as if, in their wickedness perhaps, to excite me to more strenuous exertions, leaped up and down, and sideways and forwards, with surprising spring and agility. In trying to do as well as they, unmindful of the frailty of my attire, one calamitous effort burst the braces with a tremendous crash; up flew the scarlet waistcoat, down flew its southern neighbour, and out flew the nuptial relic of my good aunt, the lawn handkerchief, a floating banner of shame and confusion. Figure to thy imagination, gentle reader, the woeful plight, the anguish of disconsolate Ferdinand Franck, exposed with his baker's apron to the sneers of the Cornet, and the titterings of the whole company. The ladies, including Miss Waldheim, ran out of the room; the Cornet, the villain! with hypocritical sympathy, offered his assistance in stopping the breach.

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closed trifle as an earnest of my good wishes for your future welfare, to promote which you may ever depend upon the active assistance and friendship of

"Yours, &c.

"WOLDITZ."

The enclosure consisted of a bran-new ducat,* a sum ten times greater than that which at any former time I could call my own. This tangible token of the Baron's good intentions, together with the kind assurance of his future protection, completely recalled the buoyancy of youthful spirits, liable to be easily depressed, but capable of being as readily revived. I could have felt sufficiently strong to return to the company at the Baron's; but, upon mature reflection, a continuation of my route homeward appeared preferable. I resumed my steps cheerfully, building castles in the air with the treasure I possessed. Whatever could singly be procured with the ducat, was collectively incorporated in the catalogue of my personal property, which thus at first was increased in imagination a hundredfold; but a simple arithmetical consideration soon afforded the disappointing result, that the acquisition of one article must exclude the ninety-nine others in simultaneous contemplation. To select this one became a perplexing dilemma, until a chance-look at the hiatus below decided the question, by suggesting the paramount necessity of replacing the scarlet by a

smart waistcoat of at least three inches additional length, in case I might have to dance another cotillon.

The scene at home on my relating to uncle and aunt the adventures of the evening, the sympathizing distress of the latter, and the stoic calmness of the former, shall for once be left to the depictive imagination of my readers. Mrs. Franck fully approved the immediate acquisition of the new article of dress; but her philosophic spouse voted for delay, inasmuch as, according to Valerius Maximus, "*Gravia graviorem curam exigunt negotia;*" that is to say, "Great resolves demand great consideration." The prize obtained for the Latin oration was therefore carefully put by, until the important question of its appropriation should be finally decided.

16.

BIRTHDAY ODE.

Baron Fritz, the next morning, called upon me at Mr. Knobelsheimer's, to condole, as he said, on my last night's misfortune, and to present me, on the part of his father, with a beautiful old apron of flowered satin from the late Baroness's wardrobe, which I was to get made into a new waistcoat at the Baron's expense. I took this opportunity to inquire again how the young gentleman had acquitted himself of his oratorical task; and

now, for the first time, received the detailed account of a scene not unworthy of the reader's attention.

The Baron's waking was invariably attended with an obstinate morning cough, accompanied by a variety of sonorous rattles and gargarizations. These matin rumbles were as invariably re-echoed by a stout barking of his favourite Spitz; and the barking of Spitz was a signal for Hans, the invalid corporal, to enter with a pair of hussar boots in one hand, and a razor apparatus in the other, with which he forthwith proceeded to shave his master's beard in bed.

On the present solemn occasion, instead of Hans, Fritz stepped in, boldly took his stand at the foot of the bed, drew the curtains, bowed respectfully, and spake as follows:

"Carissime pater, patriæ *ornamentum*, *inimicorumque* terror!"

Spitz, the spaniel, wroth probably at this infraction of the regular order of things, had already expressed his disapprobation by some passages of angry half-smothered growlings; his canine sagacity, moreover, distinguished perhaps sounds altogether different from the German idiom: in short, he barked lustily, as in duty bound—the enraged Baron flings the candlestick at the loyal beast, and poor Fritz's retentive powers, slender at all times, are flown at once. In vain he repeats over and

ver again the above exordium—the sequel obstinately remains a *non sequitur*.

In this excruciating dilemma, an ordinary youth would have retired with shame and confusion; but Fritz was a genius. With a presence of mind which has since distinguished his military career, he recollected a Latin rule of grammar—the only one he knew perfectly—thanks to the cane of my uncle!—it was his rightful property, for he had purchased its acquisition with bruises, and so he was determined to bring it forthwith into practical use. Undauntedly, therefore, he bowed once more and recommenced:

"Carissime pater, patriæ *ornamentum*, *inimicorumque* terror!

"*Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas: ut sunt Divorum; Mars, Bacchus, Apollo: Virorum; ut Cato, Virgilius: Fluviorum; ut Tibris, Orontes: Mensium; ut October: Ventorum; ut Libs, Notus, Auster. Propria femineum referentia nomina sexum femineo generi tribuuntur: sic Dearum sunt* * * *. *Excipienda tamen sunt quædam urbium.*"

The whole of this "neat and appropriate speech" being impressively delivered, with suitable emphasis and vehement energetic gesticulation, the Baron's heart was moved to the quick, and a tear of paternal wonder and delight meandered over his gray mustachios.

"Kiss me, my dear boy!" he exclaimed with a stifled sob; "this is a delightful surprise—indeed I call it one of the happiest moments of my life—I thank you for all the good wishes you have expressed towards your father's health and happiness, and no less for the filial promises which this beautiful speech holds out. I hope, nay I am sure, you will keep all you have promised. Kiss me again, you sly rogue; you are quite an orator!—By G——, Julius Cæsar, at the battle of Cannæ, could not have addressed his legions with more energy; it puts me in mind of the great Frederic, when he harangued the Prussian guards at the battle of Rosbach. Our regiment was drawn up at a small distance——but of this another time; stop a moment ——"

Here the prince of German hussars arose from his bed, and, in his shirt, went to the bureau to give to his "promising" offspring the reward already alluded to. He inquired next for the writer of this supposititious oration; and Fritz, for his own credit's sake, mentioned the author—not of the very grammatical speech actually delivered, but of the composition that was intended to have been spoken, but suffered abortion.

The information thus obtained from Baron Fritz was any thing but satisfactory to my feelings. My pride was hurt at seeing my first labour thus shipwrecked; the high eulogiums I had received from

the Baron now sat light upon me, and a serious scruple arose whether I could in conscience retain possession of the ducat presented to me. The case, therefore, was referred to my uncle and aunt at dinner. The latter thought me perfectly crazy in entertaining any scruple at all; but uncle, considering the matter liable to arguments on both sides, promised to give it a few hours' serious reflection. The question, therefore, was gravely resumed at supper, when he adjudged the ducat to be fairly mine; for, not to advert to the exposure of Baron Fritz, and the cruel disappointment to the father's feelings, which must be the inevitable consequences of my returning the money, it was evident that the remuneration had been awarded and intended for that which I had actually performed; and that the trial of substitution, on the part of the younker, to which I had not been a party, could in no way affect the justice of my claim. Upon these grounds, enforced with a variety of other reasoning, I was pleased to find that I could, with the best conscience, retain the meed of my Latin scholarship.

17.

THE BRAIN-FEVER.

After the above incidents, some months, which may be set down as a blank in my youth-

ful biography, passed away pleasantly enough. I continued my medical studies at the doctor's with assiduity, and without much vexation on his part assisted my uncle in his scholastic duties; and received many marks of the favour of the Baron who in vain tried every means to persuade my uncle to send me to the capital, in order to study music in all its branches. Although his mind was not fully made up whether I should exclusively devote myself to the medical art, his aversion to my becoming a musician or composer was not to be overcome. Besides the reasons already mentioned, he insisted that, according to his oracle the great Lavater, my physiognomy presented no one indication favourable to harmony, nor any feature of that genial enthusiasm which he held to be indispensable in the fine arts towards future greatness.

It was about this time that the craniological system of Dr. Gall began to attract the notice of the learned in Germany. Some articles on the subject occasionally appeared in the "Hamburgh Correspondent;" and the affinity between the new theory and the physiognomical speculations of his idol Lavater had already excited an intense degree of curiosity in the breast of my uncle, when one day he saw (at the Three Crowns) an advertisement in that paper announcing the publication of a book in illustration of Gall's Do

ie of the Brain, followed by a very favourable ort of the booksellers as to the high merit and erest of the work.

Mr. Franck came home so full of the subject, it, instead of eating his supper quietly, he entained his spouse and me with the great importce of the new psychological discovery concern- the faculties and functions of the human in; and expressed the most poignant regret at insufficiency of his pecuniary means to proe the valuable book in question. My aunt ted whether he had not books enough in reason satisfy the wants of a schoolmaster; and plainly ited at the utter impossibility of his having d through "all the rubbish" upon which such deal of money had already been spent, and ich after his death would not fetch the amount a decent burial.

"You do not understand these matters, my ar Margaret," replied my uncle calmly: "the rk I am speaking of is altogether an extraordiry production, and, considering the plates, surisingly cheap. What is three guilders thirty eutzers,* in comparison to the important knowlge purchased with it?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Franck, what is three

* About 7s.

guilders thirty kreutzers; it is more than we have in the house at this moment."

"True, dear; but not more than we could command, if we chose. If we were to sell one of those pigs . . . ."

Here the knife and fork involuntarily dropped from the hands of the horror-struck Mrs. Franck. She looked aghast at her husband, heaved a deep sigh, bit her lips as if her speech were going to fail. But an oral bankruptcy being a misfortune very unlikely to befal her on this side of the grave, she relieved the paroxysm by exclaiming with calm but bitter formality—

"Mr. Franck! if you were to do such a thing, I should think you the last man that wanted a book on brains. What! sell the pig for a book! when we are all half-starving—when your poor wife is nearly in rags, ashamed to show herself among her neighbours at church—*(in tears.)* Oh, Nicholas, Nicholas! you have no more feeling for your wife than for your schoolboys' skins."

Such a pathetic *argumentum à posteriori*, my good uncle, kind-hearted as he was, even to the brute creation, could not resist. He at once gave up all idea of the acquisition of the fondly-desired work.

The thought instantly struck me of devoting my ducat to the gratification of this worthy man's anxious wishes. With inward delight I changed

y the carrier sent an order for the money, to the capital.

18.

LLO AND THE MUSES.

: evening before Christmas-eve—
not be forgotten—just as my uncle
n his wig to attend his evening-
; girls, and put the last hand to the
es they were to present to their
the close of the year, when I en-
with the craniological volume, and
cceptance of the new-year's gift.
readers of better feeling! a de-
s bright, this happy moment in my
r. Let your fancy, let your hearts
l, and sketch a scene which words

nt's astonishment and vexation "at
committed," finally gave way to the
better nature; my aunt even did
to the motives which had induced
away so much money—a sum which,
tle to it, would have been sufficient
uff gown for the winter."
'ranck, as soon as the varied emo-
se, delight, gratitude, and affection,
to a sort of repose, so as to allow

some scope for curiosity the most eager and intense, he again put by his wig, wiped his spectacles, called for the luxury of a tallow-candle in addition to the ordinary illumination in oil, fixed himself immovably in the old leathern arm-chair, and said,

"My dear lad, the girls have but just to finish their writing-pieces; you can see them do it as well, and better than I: only look to that vixen Jenny Weber—dip her pen yourself, she is so apt to make blots. Go over and manage this matter, while I take a little peep at your kind present."

Proud of the trust reposed in me, and inwardly happy and contented with what I had done, I entered the school-room with buoyant spirits, and took the command of the nymphs; a very Apollo among the Muses, allowing for one supernumerary in this rustic Pierian assemblage. The unexpected appearance of Mr. Ferdinand was cordially greeted, and every nymph promised to take extraordinary pains to do credit to my charge. To stimulate the exertions of the fair votaries of the quill, I, in return, hinted that if they accomplished their task to my satisfaction, I might be induced to allow a little innocent game, a bit of blind-man's-buff, by way of breaking up, when the work was done.

There was magic in this hint. Not a blot sul-

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As ill luck would have it, the next dance was to be a cotillon, a dance which I knew not even by name: a country-dance I might probably have ventured, having seen it danced once or twice before. Here again, however, Amelia's instructions, and the anxious sagacity of the pupil, enabled me to achieve wonders in my eyes; the figures I executed with geometrical precision, and

when the venerable Mr. Franck, roused from his craniological speculations by the uproar, entered the school-room.

At any other time such a scene would have been deemed unpardonable; but the grateful recollection of the book, and probably his eagerness to return to it, produced but a friendly rebuke on the present occasion. I took care to present to his view the right profile only, lest he might espy the hurt on the left: the pieces were looked over and highly lauded, the nymphs dismissed to their homes, and in compliance with a previous invitation I went to sup with Mary's father, the blacksmith, upon new-made sausages and cabbage-sallad.

19.

ORGANIC RESEARCHES.

On my return, Mrs. Franck, tired of sitting a mute spectator of her husband's lucubrations, had long retired to solitary rest; for she was a soporescent woman of an evening, when not talked to. Having, through the half-open door, bidden my uncle a transient good night, which, without raising his eyes from the book, he kindly acknowledged by exclaiming, "Wonderful!" I followed the example of my aunt.

Like a notable housewife, she had taken to bed

the keys which would have enabled her husband to enlighten his subject, perhaps, until daylight. The tallow-candle having long ceased its functions, and the lamp, instead of dispensing light, beginning to give out a vile smoke, Mr. Franck found himself reluctantly compelled to shut the book, and rejoin his conjugal partner in the dark.

By this time the cranium of Dr. Gall's disciple had become so overcharged with craniological notions, that, without some vent or other by way of safety-valve, the ferment of the condensed materials might have produced dangerous consequences. On passing my door, which was ajar, and hearing me breathe, the happy thought suddenly struck him of making on the skull of his nephew a practical experiment of the tenets of the German philosopher.

Figure to thyself, gentle reader, the horror I felt at being roused from my first sleep and a sweet dream by the craniological manipulations of a dry bony hand, resembling an anatomical preparation. With a loud scream I started from my bed and seized the tall spectre by the throat.—The words "Nonsense, boy, don't be frightened!" to my amazement proclaimed the vision to be my uncle.

My screams had by this time brought to the spot Mrs. Franck and Lisbeth, in their nocturnal draperies. After a brief and rather obscure ex-

planation, the former exclaimed, "Why, sure, you 're mad Nicholas: the book has turned his brain already; it shall be burnt the first thing to-morrow morning."

All the answer the calm Mr. Franck made to this threatening invective was, "The organ of amorousness—the organ of harmony—the organ of murderousness—all in a decisive degree; besides a number of organs less distinctly pronounced."—"There are no organs in the room, my dear Nicholas," replied my aunt, in a soothing tone of intense distress of mind, fully convinced of the truth of her husband's mental aberrations. "The Lord have mercy upon thee, dear Nick! thou'rt wandering in thy senses: come to bed, my dear; come along, and let us pray against the Fiend's temptations."

After a night of more or less agitation to the parties concerned, we sat down to a silent breakfast, until my uncle, in a serious but affectionate tone, addressed me as follows:

"My dear Ferdinand! much as I regret the fright which I caused you and your good aunt last night, the anxiety I long felt for your future destinies will sufficiently justify my having seized the first opportunity of ascertaining your mental and moral qualifications, by the test of Dr. Gall's important discoveries; the truth of which this first trial, compared with previous observations I made

silence, has confirmed in a surprising manner. had time before you awoke to examine every part f your skull, and the result is briefly this: "You ossess *(pointing to the bump I had received in alling against the German stove the night before)*, you possess, in a decided degree, the organ of murderousness. (Here my aunt heaved a deep sigh, and bit her lips.) Don't be alarmed, my dear; the lad cannot help the conformation of his skull. It is for craniology to take warning by such hints, and act accordingly. He would make an excellent carcase-butcher, if we were inclined that way. Our wish had hitherto partly been to make him a practitioner. There's an end of this at once; he would kill more than cure. (With this deduction, however erroneous, I was not disposed to quarrel, having had quite enough of surgery and Dr. Knobelsheimer; nor was my aunt inclined to any objection.) This almost unnatural prominence, *(putting his finger to the nape of my neck,)* I am sorry to say, indicates the organ of amorousness in an extreme state."

"Nonsense, Mr. F.; don't put wicked ideas into he child's head."

"He can't help it, my dear. Feel the bump ourself: and, let me tell you, whatever may as et be the doubts concerning some of the cranial rotuberances, this one is indisputably made out; nd, what is more, decisively confirmed by what I

saw last night: when I came to the school-room unawares, were you not kissing Mary Dickel, the blacksmith's daughter?"

"It was all in fun." *(Here aunt, with a dark frown, nodded her head most significantly.)*

"Fun, I dare say it was: but be this as it may, now I tell you of the enemy, it is your part to beware of him. '*Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur.*' This organ is so tremendous with you, that, unless you take great care, I fear it will bring you a world of trouble. *(Here every word of my uncle, as I afterwards found, spoke oracular truth. I had often sad occasion to remember his caution.)* For the present I am in hopes that, by the steps I am going to propose, any immediate danger will be averted.

"Between your eyes and ears," continued uncle, "I perceived a third very remarkable rise, just here: this, I am happy to tell you, is of a promising description—it is the organ of harmony; and although I was hitherto ignorant of this predisposition of yours, Baron Wolditz, perhaps instinctively, (for what does he know of craniology?) seems to have been fully aware of its existence. He wishes you to be brought up to music; he has kindly offered his assistance: if your aunt agrees to it, let us follow the guide thus pointed out to us, and avail ourselves of his good intentions. He wishes to send you to the capital to commence

ısical career: much as I shall regret the
of one I so dearly love, it is for your good,
let it be; and when I consider that this
will have the additional advantage of se-
; you from Mary Dickel, for whom it
ou have a premature kindness, I feel the
conciled to the idea of parting with you,
boy. The distance is not so great but that
contrive to meet now and then; and my
not too old to carry me to the capital to
during the school vacations."

20.

FAREWELL.

plan of my uncle fully coincided with my
hes; I expressed my instant consent: aunt
a wonder, approved of her husband's pro-
and Baron Wolditz received with delight
ıgs of our united acquiescence in his views
ng my future career. He immediately
a friend in the capital, to effect the neces-
angements; and an agreement was made
r. Bauer, an excellent musician and theo-
my instruction, including board and lodg-
er his own roof. Another fortnight passed
iding the requisite equipments, in which
ute attentions of Mrs. Franck omitted no-
ithin the compass of her scanty means, not

excepting a few darning-needles and thread, and a pot of her excellent domestic ointment. My uncle's best razor was the only gift in the power of this excellent man to bestow.

My trunk, an immense family ark, crammed with worthless lumber, being sent on by the carrier, and an affectionate leave taken of my kind patron, who presented me with a louis-d'or for travelling expenses and pocket-money, the day after Twelfth-night the heavy morning of parting presented itself. I left a house of tears; and I well remember the last words of my good uncle, uttered through half-stifled sobs:

"God in Heaven bless you, my dear Ferdinand, and keep you in the path of virtue! Farewell, my boy, and mind the bump in the nape!"

21.

FRANCK ABROAD.

It was a bitter cold January morning when I bade adieu to all that was dear to me in Feldberg—that is to say, in the whole world, for to all beyond it I was a perfect stranger: the sky was overcast; the path on the high-road slippery from frost; for miles not a human being was to be seen croaking crows, officiously sweeping the air, seemed to be the only companions of my solitary pilgrimage. These omens might have depressed less buoyant

its; and if I had had a turn for hatching
len futurity into present misery, there was
rewith to supply materials. Fortunately that
ker of human happiness, sentimentality, was
a minim in the compound of my moral con-
ution; for Mr. Nicholas Franck, my excellent
cle, had, by innumerable repetitions, deeply im-
ssed on me one of his favourite apophthegms—
id sit futurum cras, fuge quærere; or, as he
uld sometimes say with Ovid—

Quique dolet citius, quam dolor, ipse cadet.

e cold, therefore, and the gloomy heavens, and
slippery path, and the cawing crows, were as
thing to me. The heart was warm with ex-
ctation, tinged perhaps with ambition; youth-
l vitality shed a genial glow over my whole
me. I paced on, nothing loath, some dozen
les, singing, whistling, and castle-building; de-
lished a great portion of the cold collation of
r aunt's providing in a cottage by the road-side,
d sallied forth again to complete the quantum of
s day's itinerary, until a heavy snow-storm
ve me for shelter under the dark branches of a
tely forest of firs and pines, through which the
d took its direction.

22.

AN ORIENTAL CURIOSITY.

"SAD time for travel, young Mr. *Landsmann!*" exclaimed, with a short pipe in his mouth, a sallow, black-haired, thick-set, little creature, hung upon a shaggy white pony, and muffled up to his nose in an old blue cloak, his legs sweeping the snow from the leafless briars, as he advanced towards the protecting cluster of firs I had selected for an asylum, apparently equally approved by him.

"And where may the young gentleman be going to?"

"To the capital, by to-morrow night, I hope."

"Ah! then we shall be going the same way, and mayhap keep each other company, if it is agreeable."

"With all my heart, sir, so I can keep up with your steed, and the weather will let us go on; I think the snow will be over presently."

"Amen! I wish it were half an hour after the end of it. And what may induce the young gentleman to travel to the capital at this severe season, so quite alone? Going to serve his time in a counting-house, I dare say; or, perhaps, spend a week or two with some friends—eh?"

Direct as these questions were, I felt no inclination to satisfy the little man's curiosity; for my uncle had strongly recommended to me not to be too communicative with persons I did not know; and the stranger, besides, had a nervous twang in his accent, and traces of tonsorian negligence about his chin, which strongly savoured of the synagogue.

Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, far from being offended at my reserve, made up for it by his own communicativeness, perhaps to encourage a return of favours. Such was his name, which he told me was well known in the capital to high and low, as I should find; adding, that he dealt in every thing, from diamonds and pearls down to little boys' marbles; that he had last year only moved into a new house, which cost him fifteen thousand florins before a pane of glass was in a window; that he was a welcome guest at the tables of counsellors and barons, and gave them *fêtes* in return, the last of which was spoken of in the newspapers, the oysters alone standing him in eighty-seven florins thirty kreutzers;* that many a great man in S. was on his books, and in arrear for interest, although his terms of accommodation were far from being exorbitant, &c. Mr. Aaron Benzheimer

* 7*l.* 19*s.* 1½*d.* Oysters are a great rarity and delicacy in the interior of Germany.

likewise informed me, that he was now on his return from Amweil, a market-town where he had hoped to do a little business in the jewel and trinket line for Christmas and New-year's presents; but that the poor beast had to carry back nearly as much as he took thither, no trade being stirring; the people had as little money as spirits; the war had impoverished the country; and if it had not been for a few bargains with some of the French officers quartered there, he should have lost money by the trip. The French officers were charming people—they did not mind money; to be sure, they had it cheap; "it comes from our own pockets, sir, and so, as a good German patriot, I make a point of getting as much of it back again as I can."

Though the snow had abated but little, the day was far spent; and unless we chose to pass a long night *al fresco*, or be snowed in, it was high time to brave the storm and resume our journey. Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, moreover, began to show some misgivings about the safety of the road, by divers allusions to robberies and some broad questions as to the extent of my notions of self-defence. My reply, that unless the odds were palpably against numbers, I would stand by him to the last, instilled infinite comfort and assurance into the breast of my fellow-traveller, which, like many of the Hebrew tribe, harboured a preponderance

of pacific sentiments. He, nevertheless, approved highly of my courage, and seemed evidently to look upon me with regard and complacency.

But, with the exception of some ten or a dozen wild boars, whose sudden appearance in crossing the road caused a momentary panic, no sinister occurrence retarded our progress. I found no difficulty in keeping pace with the jagged duodecimo nag of Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, whose spirits, divested of alarm, grew more and more affable and facetious; and with the fall of night we entered the "Three Kings," a rustic house of entertainment in Walbach, the village which was to be the place of our night's abode.

23.

THE BARGAIN.

THE few hours' interval previous to supper were not unprofitably employed by my companion. No sooner had he lodged his portmanteau in his bed-room, and carefully locked its door, than he came down, and invited me to partake of a pint of wine. Among various characteristic peculiarities, preserved in undiminished force by the tribe of Judah since its dispersion from the banks of the Jordan over the whole globe, a restless curiosity and desire of knowing every body's business are not the least conspicuous. With the first glass, therefore,

which was drunk to the prosperity of my future undertakings, whatever they might be, Mr. Aaron Benzheimer laid formal siege to the fortress of my mental reserve. Having opened his trenches at a distance, and with the skill of a veteran, he soon obtained possession of the outworks of the young tyro in these tactics; a parley ensued, and the place surrendered on a capitulation, by which Mr. Aaron Benzheimer became master of as much information regarding myself as I could from my own knowledge communicate.

When he heard that I was to be an inmate in the family of Mr. Bauer, and to study music under him, he exclaimed, in agreeable surprise, "So so, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Bauer! a very good man, a very good friend of mine. He owes me twelve hundred florins I lent him three years ago, and has pledged his word to pay the eighteen months' interest in arrear, as soon as the opera is brought out which he is now writing, and which I and my friends are going to support bravely, I promise you. Ah, Mr. Franck! you will be with a worthy good man, a great genius in musics, take my word for it. You will be well taken care of by Mrs. Bauer too, that you may make sure of; you will find her a kind and sympathizing soul," added he, with a knowing grin.

"I beg, sir, you will speak with respect."

"And so I do, my dear young gentleman: what I was saying was far from being meant as a re-

flection. Mrs. Bauer is a worthy, an excellent lady; she pays me punctually for the little lace and cambric, and such like articles, she has of me; and a good customer she is, for she is particularly neat and tasty in her dress. Talking of dress, excuse me, Mr. Franck, if I am rude—but this coat and waistcoat of yours will be stared at in the capital. We are mighty fashionable there."

"So it seems," (looking at his old brown great coat.)

"Never mind *me!* I *have* made my way in the world, and you are but just entering upon yours. A man of my age and property may go in rags—the world knows he is able to buy better; but a young gentleman of your figure ought to set off the gifts of nature to the best advantage. Allow me to cut you as fine a bit of genuine blue Verviers——"

Although I successfully parried this attack of the persevering man of sales, my youthful inexperience a few minutes afterwards yielded to another assault in a different quarter. Mr. Aaron Benzheimer's stomach going probably a little faster than mean time, he began expostulating with the host about the delay of the promised supper, and insisted that it was beyond the appointed hour. The host met this reflection on the regularity of his domestic arrangements by pointing to an old wooden Dutch clock, and pledging his word, that as soon as the cuckoo should vociferate his minor

third seven times, the craving appetite of his guest should have full and ample satisfaction; and the co-operation, moreover, of two students, whose blistered feet had since yesterday prevented them from pursuing their pedestrian progress towards the university. Hereupon the great Mr. Benzheimer ostentatiously drew from his fob a gold repeater, and holding it to the ear of mine host, asked him whether he meant to pitch the infallibility of his Black Forest* mechanism against a masterpiece of Breguet's? A dispute naturally arose as to true time, to settle which I was requested to look at my watch: I modestly replied that I had none.

"No watch, my young friend! dear, dear! No watch! Go to the capital without a watch! Be a musician without time! I sell you one, Mr. Franck—an excellent work, for little or no money, because you are a friend." I protested in vain that I wanted none, and had no money to buy any. Mr. Benzheimer forthwith took a candle to go up to his bed-room, and returned with a sightly silver watch.

"There, sir! this here watch cost me twenty guilders, because I had it a bargain; I am up to these kind of things. You shall have it for twenty-

* The Black Forest is a district of Germany famed for the manufacture of what in this country are termed Dutch clocks.—*Editor.*

vo; just ten per cent.—I am satisfied with a nall profit. Look at the works—just let me wind up."

"I do not want it, because I have no money at esent to pay for it."

"No money, my dear Mr. Franck! I want no oney. You shall pay me when it suits you, in a velvemonth—in two years—by instalments—just you please; and if you don't like it, you bring back to me, and no harm is done. That's the ay I deal with gentlemen—that's the way I have t on in the world. I trust the world, and the orld trusts me. Some do not pay, but the most rt do when they are able. To be sure, I do not ust every one; but I trust you, Mr. Franck: and hy do I trust you? Because you have an open, nest face: I know something of fissinomy. Exse me, yours is not an every-day countenance; ur eyes look beyond what is before you. You ill be a favourite with the ladies, there's no ubt,"—(Mr. Benzheimer had not seen the fatal mp)—"but I'm much mistaken, too, if you ill ever be a musician. You will be a great man, ay, and a good customer of mine, I hope."

It was a thoughtless, perhaps an immoral action, yield to such Hebrew eloquence; I accepted the atch upon these vague conditions, and for a short me lost a portion of that pure peace of mind, with hich, not twelve hours ago, I had left my uncle's of at Feldberg.

24.

PETIT SOUPER.

SOON after this negotiation between the contracting parties, we perceived, to our great joy, the beginning *of a commencement* for laying the supper-cloth—an operation in German inns performed in slow successive gradation, conformable to the sedate character of the nation, which, in all its transactions, great or small, from the deliberations of its National Diet to the driving of its postillions, seems religiously to adhere to the adage—*Festina lentè*. The table being wiped of its swipes, a considerable interval was allowed for evaporation and desiccation, before the second act of spreading the cloth was deemed seasonable. After a good while, the salt-cellars and mustard-pots found their way; a long pause again ensued before the knives and forks made their appearance; in short, not one distinct article of the cœnacular *matériel* came in company with the other, but in measured succession; thereby wisely keeping expectation and stomach on a stretch until the very development of the quite dramatic catastrophe. These dead stops would have proved infinitely tantalizing, had they not, like the intervals between scenic representations, been relieved by a little music proceeding from the kitchen, and consisting, not in a smart

et of Haydn, or a lively presto of Pleyel, but
izzing of hot butter in frying-pans, chopping
veet herbs on a board in the manner of a dul-
:, swabbing of beat-up eggs in basins for sauce,
winding-up of the roasting-jack. However
iful this harmony sounded to my ears, accom-
ıd as it was by occasional savoury zephyrs
ever the door opened into the blazing wind-
l kitchen, the thought of the pecuniary value
ch preparation, coupled with the impotency of
purse, created some slight alarm, which I was
id enough just delicately to hint to my fellow-
ller; but Mr. Aaron Benzheimer allayed my
ehensions, by assuring me, that the host was a
honest and fair-dealing publican; that the
arations were chiefly for his sake, as he had
onized the house these twenty years; and that
ould find the reckoning wonderfully moderate.
he two students now descended to join us—
walking volcanoes; one a tall youth, with a
pipe hanging from the left corner of his
th, his thumb stuck between the leaves of a
:, and so deeply immersed in thought, that
ry neutral nod of salutation was all that his
ractions could afford, by way of welcome, for
fellow-guests: the other, a duodecimo figure
pert aspect, while quaffing and puffing the
ke, greeted us with more formality, but with
air of superciliousness, which betrayed the in-

ward consciousness of great acquiremen
mental superiority—characteristics pretty
among the German sons of the Muses.

Mr. Aaron Benzheimer was too much a
the world to resent such uncourteousness;
contrary, he rose from his seat, and with
good-breeding gave out a graceful *salam*
in Judaic German. His courtesy and disi
edness went even so far as to proffer to the
pient sages his services in any article they
stand in need of.

"The only article we want at present,"
the little Elzevir, "is money, having spent
cash in a philosophical tour during the Ch
vacation. Money is all we want."

"Ha!" said Mr. B. "that may be fou
upon good security."

"Our word of honour."

"Undeniable security in any thing bu
ness. Nevertheless ——"

Here the treaty was interrupted by the
of a mighty tureen of rice-broth, of d
odour. According to German custom, th
with a very formal bow, seated himself
head of the table; and the place at his rig
soon afterwards *well* filled by his better hal
ter double, I should say; for, to judge fr
plump and adipose arms, deeply purpled
recent arduous and ardent culinary functi

wer she wore the breeches, they could never be hose of her spare spouse.

The viands which now presented themselves were various, good, and plentiful. Nevertheless an objection was started, *in limine*, by the pocket edition of human wisdom, who asked the host "whether there were to be no sausages, black-puddings, or other porcine condiments; two large pigs having been executed but yesterday under his windows, and a *perpetuum mobile* of hacking and chopping having existed in the kitchen ever since five o'clock this morning."

The host, although rendered somewhat serious by the previous information of pecuniary deficits, bowed respectfully, expressing a humble persuasion that the bill of fare, such as it was, would give satisfaction.

"What!" exclaimed the epitome of academical wisdom, "disturbed from my sleep by hacking and chopping three hours before daylight; the whole house and my nostrils saturated all day long with effluvia of thyme, coriander, and marjoram; my very clothes impregnated for a week to come with a compound of sausage odours;—and not to have an indemnity for such suffering by a taste! May thunder and lightning strike me, if the "Three Kings" is not worse than Tartarus itself, and the punishments of Tantalus! What does all this mean?"

The host was utterly confounded by such strong and hostile academical language. He had at all times a great aversion to any thing in the shape of high words, even if they proceeded from what was most dear to him—his better double. I thought it very hard, that, after such praiseworthy exertions on the part of the latter to content almost an epicure, he should be requited with abuse by the men of science, whose acknowledged insolvency rendered it improbable that he would be remunerated in any other manner; and I was just on the point of interfering, when Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, with a generous sincerity which raised him greatly in my estimation, observed, that being of the Hebrew persuasion, and a constant friend and frequenter of the house, he had reason to believe, that, without even a hint on his part, the host, from a feeling of delicacy, had excluded the dainties in question,—a circumstance which he regretted exceedingly, as the Mosaic law certainly did not prohibit the sight or smell of them. Indeed, he did not know whether, on a pinch, he might not, with a safe conscience, even taste a bit of clean country pork; the prohibition of Moses being, according to a learned Rabbi of Strasburg, directed against the flesh of the Egyptian swine—an uncleanly animal that fed in the mud of the Ganges (?) and drank the pestilential waters of the Dead Sea. "The Judaic nation of the pre

sent day, gentlemen," he added, with much complacency, "like the rest of the world, is a very different people from what it was two hundred years ago. Jography, mattomatics, gastronomy, polygamy, and every other science, are as much cultivated among us as among the Christians. My Esther, gentlemen, will tell you every town and river in the moon, as readily as she could name the numerous articles her father deals in."

This candid apology of Mr. Aaron Benzheimer's was lost on the rude minds of the students; they laughed in his face, and grumbled and muttered all the while they were eating, although they ate voraciously of all that was set before them. Much of their conversation took place in miserable Latin, so that my fellow-traveller was spared the vexation of hearing their direct abuse of him; although he had to bear many a sneer, which made me ashamed of their conduct as Christians; and I was just watching for a reflection sufficiently direct to warrant notice, when they suddenly broke up from table, the little fellow muttering to his companion something in Latin, expressive of a determination towards mischief.

Overwhelmed by an unconquerable sleepiness, I too, some time afterwards, left my travelling-companion in converse upon business with the host, and hastened to my chamber, No. 5: that of Mr. Benzheimer being No. 4; and the students,

as I passed No. 3, being heard carousing, or "commercing," as they call it, in beer, tobacco, and vulgar song.

25.

A BATTLE SCENE.

I COULD not have enjoyed many minutes of my first sleep, before it was disturbed by a tremendous knocking at the door. "Mister Franck! Mister Franck!" exclaimed Mr. Benzheimer from without, in a fearfully nervous Jewish accent, "do come and help!—get up directly!"

Half asleep, I jumped out of bed; and making sure of some foul attack of midnight assassins on his treasure, or of an alarm of fire, I seized my knotty staff and sallied forth, without waiting to put on my clothes.

"Come with me, my dear Mister Franck, and look at my bed," was all that the agitated feelings of my companion allowed him to utter. The two students, too, *apparently* roused by his clamour, met us in the passage with an air of participation. We all entered the room. I examined the bed, and there found a live pig tied up in a bag!

Indignant at the insult offered to the religion of my fellow-traveller, and suspecting its authors, I loudly proclaimed the person capable of such an action a scoundrel, whoever he might be, with

out receiving an answer from any of the parties, whose number had by this time been augmented by two or three of the servants. The perpetrators, Mr. Benzheimer observed, must have come through the window, as his door was locked, and the casement wide open. At that moment the ostler espied the bag from which the poor animal had been liberated, and declared that not above an hour ago he had been asked for and had given it to "that" little gentleman, pointing to the student; and the pig was one of his master's litter, but how the gentleman got it he could not tell.

"You then, sir," exclaimed I, "are the owner of the epithet I had intended for you in anticipation;" and taking hold of the door, showed him where I wished him to go. But the little man of science preferred applying a box on my ear, accompanied by a challenge to meet him, cut or thrust, in single combat. For my part, I felt a predilection for settling matters on the spot, and began laying my rustic white-thorn lustily over his back. His tall companion, who might have had no hand in the mischief, had hitherto remained a passive spectator; but when he saw his friend assailed, he conceived himself in duty bound to come to his aid with one of the massy oaken chairs. The balance of hard blows now began to lie sorely in my favour, and there was every prospect of an immediate necessity of yielding the

field to superior numbers, unless supported by instant reinforcement.

Hitherto Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, with Hebrew pacificness, had valiantly exerted himself in heart-rending entreaties and supplications to restore peace. In this respect he might be compared to some of the nations of southern climes, whose doubtful valour unfits them to act as principals in the field, except when the back is to be turned to the enemy, on which occasion their energy to be out of harm's way is surprising; but when united in warfare with a nation of true tramontane mettle, ready to stand the brunt and the first hard blows, then, and then only, a sort of secondary courage will often animate the breasts of the former, and move them on, as spaniels follow mastiffs, to flock in shoals after their brave companions in arms, and share in the triumph.

Thus, when the man of sales and per-centages beheld me in fierce and fearful combat, a latent minim of the blood of Joshua and Saul, concretely sojourning in his organization, seemed to liquefy like the blood of St. Januarius, and forthwith to communicate its vital energy to the whole 94 oz. 5 dr. pervading his otherwise pacific frame. In an instant he became a very David before the Philistines, and rushed furiously with his fists upon the tall Goliah, whose spun-out dimensions soon succumbed under the blows of the thick-set Mac-

cabee. Victory now became a mere plaything—a *social* game. One of the *alumni* lay groaning on the floor; and the tall subject, on the point of being strangled by the unrelenting grasp of Hebrew muscle, cried for quarter. But Judaic fury, when once roused, is unquenchable; the philosophic youth would in another minute or two have breathed his last, had the host not made his appearance, separated the combatants, and lodged the two students, sadly mauled as they were, in their own dormitory, No. 3, where we left them vowing the vengeance of their literary fraternity against all the tribe of Israel, the host, and the whole house.

On a cool inspection, the casualties in this action were found to consist in a severe contusion over my left eye, at which Mr. Aaron Benzheimer testified the most poignant grief—the hurt having been inflicted in his cause. He shook me cordially by the hand, expressed his admiration of my valour, together with his conviction that I was destined to act an important part in mundane affairs. "Music is out of the question, my brave young friend; you will be a great man, a very great man, take my word for it. And what do you think of my way of fighting, sir? how did I do the thing, eh?" I naturally did justice to my friend's prowess; we praised each other, and pleased each other, and then retired to our respective rooms.

No sooner had I risen on the following morning, after a sound sleep, than my fellow-traveller entered the room with the surgeon of the place to look at my eye, for which he dispensed the proper lotion. When I demanded my bill of the host, he informed me that I had nothing to pay, as Mr. Benzheimer had settled every thing. But this is not all: when we were ready to start on our journey, the latter called to me—"Here is a paper of yours, Mr. Franck." Its contents were—

"Received of Mr. —— Franck the sum of twenty-two guilders, for a silver watch sold him.

"AARON BENZHEIMER."

All my expostulations were fruitless. "If I have not received the actual sum, Mister Franck, I have received infinitely more than its value in the gratification of meeting with a young man of such honourable feeling and noble courage as yours. Courage, Mister Frank, is every thing with me. For this, and for your just principles, I shall always esteem you, my young friend; and were you of our persuasion, the hand of my Esther should be at your service. I can give her thirty thousand florins, and not be much the poorer for it. Her pearl necklace and ear-rings——"

"Her hand, sir;—but her heart?"

"The heart follows the hand, if the husband behaves as he ought. Mrs. Benzheimer hated m

when we first married. When we paid our wedding visits, she walked on one side of the street, and I on the other. Seventeen days, sir, ——— But no matter—I found the way to please her at last, and to this day we have lived in the most perfect harmony."

26.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

My friend and I journeyed this day towards the capital, alternately bestriding the white pony. His acquaintance, a pure matter of accident as it was, proved subsequently and on more than one occasion eminently useful to me. There was a strange apparent contradiction in this man's character: generous and even lavish on particular occasions, he would miss no opportunity of driving a bargain; and his own brother was not exempt from the exaction of the regular per-centage which the science of profit and loss, in which he was a very adept, seemed to have made a law and a matter of duty to him. But this very gain he would, perhaps, the next moment, appropriate to acts of the most disinterested charity, even to Christians.

The Jewish character, although this people lives in the midst of us, is, I am convinced, far from being properly understood. Our judgment

is too often formed from the dregs of a nation which we oppress and debase, and, because they are debased, despise. We forget that it is to them we owe the most sublime notions of the Divine Being—a circumstance which alone ought to excite, if not respect, at least kindness and good-will towards them; not to advert to the constancy with which, in spite of oppression and persecution on all sides, they have adhered to their primitive pure faith, from which our own has emanated.

A full view of the distant capital burst on my sight on reaching the summit of an eminence, and left an indelible impression on my mind. The Gothic cathedral, with its lofty steeple and attendant spires; other steeples, domes, and towers, of varied height and form, projecting at irregular intervals; the grand-ducal palace, reflecting from every window the parting rays of a crimson winter's sun through a misty gray atmosphere,—all these rising from behind a continued band of rampart, with a protruding old bastion here and there; gates sending endless avenues of trees in diverging lines into the country; the surrounding plain, interspersed with the clumps of little parks and pleasure-gardens, diminutive palaces, and country houses;—all these objects, however deprived of the charms of foliage and verdure, filled the simple youthful mind with delight and wonder.

At the distance of about two miles from the capital, my friend proposed to enter a smart house of entertainment and dancing for Sunday visitors, not so much to put the landlord in mind of his promise to discharge the interest of a loan long due, as to await the setting-in of night, more congenial to my attire, and to set off my person, such as it was arrayed, by means of a little brushing and ablution; observing, that a young man ought to be very particular as to first impressions, which frequently had the greatest influence on his future career. My eye, besides, which, in its progress through all the colours of the rainbow, had arrived at an interesting *verd-antique* tint, would look less remarkable by candle-light.

The landlord's excuses, accompanied with a glass of excellent wine, were accepted: the war, too, had wofully ruined his trade; not above six Sundays' dancing all the season—and what dancing! little or nothing spent: where people called for rack-punch and champagne, and chicken and tarts, bread and cheese and swipes were now the order of the day.

Refreshed within and renovated without, we resumed our journey. The noble triple avenue of linden-trees, with lamps stretching through an immeasurable perspective, carriages going and coming with high-bred coursers, officers and beaux

galloping towards the town; two or three spl
sledges drawn by superbly caparisoned steeds
ceded by outriders with torches; a confused
of distant metropolitan activity,—all I sav
heard, augmented my wonder and expect
until the conclusion of a close and minute in
gatory by a sergeant at the city gate enabled
proceed to the house of Mr. Bauer, my n
Mentor, where Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, v
cordial shake of the hand, gave me a gener
as I afterwards found a sincere, invitation
house and table.

27.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"MASTER is just gone to rehearsal," mu
through a toothless mouthpiece, the shrill
ing nasal voice of a misprint of nature,
some fifty years back, which might have s
sculptor for a *laid idéal* to be honoured
place in Prince Biscari's museum of mo
ties in Sicily. (First impressions with
geance!)

"Your mistress?"

"Going to the rehearsal too, presently.
ing in her room—can't see her now."

"See her, by all means!" exclaimed, in
low laughing tone, an invisible voice preci

reverse of Miss Barbara's vocal apparatus. "Walk up, Mr. Franck, if you 'll excuse my *négligé*." (First impressions, Mr. Aaron Benzheimer ! !)

Mrs. Bauer's reception was superlatively cordial: a hearty treble kiss * * *, with a thousand apologies for receiving me half-dressed, involuntarily directed my hand to the bump in the nape.

"The students, I hope, have not wounded your head behind too, Mr. Franck ?"

"The students, madam ?"

"Yes, Mr. Franck; the students whom you fought so bravely last night. Why, you seem quite thunderstruck at my knowing your feats. Oh! I could tell you some other matters concerning you, that my little familiar has communicated; but I am rather in a hurry: another time will do. I expect a friend of my husband's to go with me to the dress rehearsal. It is *Axur*. You might accompany us: but no—you are tired, I dare say, and you could not well go as you are. We shall be back in a couple of hours. There are books below, and a piano, to pass the time; and there is Bärbel (Barbara), my beauty, I venture to trust with you. She will tell you all the news of the town. Mind, she loves scandal: if you believe one quarter of what she says, you 'll be choked with lies."

(*Enter Barbara.*) "Mr. Elsner is below."

We descended. I was introduced to the gentle-

man, who soon departed with Mrs. Bauer, and I was left to recover from my astonishment at this first short interview.

Mrs. Bauer's uncommon affability, her *sans gêne*, overwhelmed my rustic intellects; and her knowledge of the adventure at the inn (most naturally explained afterwards) threw over this meeting an air of mysteriousness which completely bewildered my senses.

My cogitations were relieved by the appearance of Bärbel with some tea, which her mistress had ordered to be prepared for me. Brimful of provincial civilities, I addressed her "Miss Barbara," and shook hands with the misprint. Whether it was this act of condescension; or that, like low minds, she measured her attentions to persons by the scale of treatment they received from her superiors; or that she looked upon me merely as a sink to receive the offal of scandal, which her organization bred too fast not to welcome every opportunity for vent, especially that of a newcomer not yet forestalled or saturated;—be the reasons what they might, Miss Bärbel now appeared quite another woman. It was in vain to beg it as a favour that she would keep her information regarding the house to herself: there she stood, right opposite to me, with her bony arms elegantly hidden under her apron, immovable as

t's wife in my uncle's great Bible, excepting
: organ of speech, from which venom cascaded
streams abundant and uninterrupted.

Happily for me, one of her pots in the kitchen,
mingly jealous, and willing to compete with the
erflowings of her tongue, required her sudden
istance.

On going to the piano-forte, I found it wretch-
ly out of tune, as is frequently the case with the
struments of professional men; whether in con-
nection of the old saying that "shoemakers'
ildren are worst shod," or that perhaps the ear
great musicians may have reached a degree
perfection which enables them to fancy the
est false sounds of a pitch precisely correct—like
e Hottentots at the Cape, who, caring little
hether a gun be true or not, shoot as well with
e one as with the other, after having ascertained
e quantum of deviation.

Having nothing better to do, I sat down to
ne the instrument, after the approved method
my uncle, Mr. Nicholas Franck. The remain-
r of the time the *chronique scandaleuse ambu-*
ts took care to fill up by sundry appendices of
formation explanatory of her previous opening
ech; all which she delivered in detached but
siderable portions, going in and out, laying the
th, until the return of her "excellent master,"

as she called him, with his lively spouse, accompanied by the tenor-singer of the opera establishment.

28.

THE REHEARSAL.

Mr. Bauer, my future master, received me with a kindness, the sincerity of which could not be mistaken. He was a little man, with a large head, vivid eyes, and a constant smile of *bonhomie* upon his countenance. But more of his character hereafter.

That he loved good eating and drinking, the supper and his comments upon it, as well as the great relish with which he enjoyed it, sufficiently testified. Nothing was talked of but the rehearsal, and the anticipation of to-morrow's representation. The tenor swore that if they did not alter the turban, and give him a new pair of morocco slippers, he would not set foot upon the stage. He complimented Mr. Bauer on his training of the choruses, "which were no way inferior to those of Berlin." Mr. Bauer concurred in their praise, and would give a louis out of his own pocket if they did half as well to-morrow: "but," added he, "you will see what it is when the house is full; it is as if an evil spirit had got into them, especially the girls, who, instead of minding their time and me, promenade their

ogles over the pit and boxes, grin and chuckle at the officers and clerks: and, as a proof of what I tell you, there is Miss P———, whom I purposely engaged because she is blind; she absolutely keeps the rest together. God forgive me! I wish they were all blind!—Now I think on it, my dear Helmont, there 's one thing I wish to suggest: when you see the palace on fire, a scene which you *do* so exquisitely, a little more agitation in the *tempo*, beginning *sotto voce*, and gradually increasing, would be an infinite improvement, in my opinion —in this way——"

Here Mr. Bauer, with his mouth full, stepped to the piano, and, finding it in better tune than usual, prognosticated a thaw; when Bärbel, with a burst of laughter, informed him of the real cause.

"Bravo! Mr. Franck—Ferdinand we may as well call you, as you are one of the family.—Let 's see the wolf!—Capital! Come, there 's work cut out for you to begin with. A dozen instruments in town will claim your services to-morrow; that 's a dozen guilders in my pocket, and you shall have half of it for pocket-money. A good ear at all events, and that 's half the battle."

The effects of my journey having for some time manifested themselves by an unconquerable drowsiness, Mrs. Bauer very kindly showed me to my room, a neat airy garret, in which I found my immense trunk safely lodged. "We had some

trouble," said Mrs. B. "to get this monst
it wants but four wheels to make a com
Diligence. What a wardrobe you must hav
shall look at it to-morrow. Good night! I
dreams to you!"

29.

CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

As the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Baue
considerable share in my future destinies,
be desirable to steal a march upon time, an
them such as subsequent observations and
ence exhibited them to me.

Mrs. Bauer might have arrived at the
twenty-eight—a recurring decimal in fema
nology—a stage of life which, although c
an impression somewhat broad and ma
younger charms, not only generally exhibi
without absolute defalcation, but often co
cates the zest of complete development an
rity, enhanced by ripened mental powers a
fected experience. Mrs. Bauer certainly
her husband with unvaried attention, ki
and, I think I may add, affection. Fully a
the value he placed in the pleasures of th
she did not solely depend upon the attainm
Bärbel in culinary science, the respectab
which alone secured her stay in the family

all the drawbacks of numerous physical and moral imperfections. Mrs. Bauer lost no opportunity in gaining, herself, every possible knowledge, written as well as traditional, for the confection of new savoury dishes for her husband's gratification. Not only did she devote many an hour to intense study in the *Cuisinier Bourgeois*, but two or three great dinners which Mr. B. was in the habit of giving to his friends annually—the highest mark of attention which in *his* opinion could be conferred—enabled her to collect from professional *men*-cooks employed on those occasions a great and valuable accession of knowledge in the gastronomic art.

To Mr. Bauer's predilection for a game at cards she also had the good sense to adapt herself, so far as to be able, in case of need, to take a hand at whist. This, however, she evidently did against her inclination, merely to please him, and to prevent his going to the Cassino, where he generally lost his money: for, as Mrs. Bauer was no adept at the game, her play occasionally led to rebukes and expostulations, such as "trumping Mr. B.'s good cards, bottling up her trumps," &c. which, however gentle, she was desirous of avoiding, as the only cause—she truly observed—of any differences in their otherwise happy union.

30.

MUSICAL LECTURE.

At breakfast, next morning, I found in Mr. Bauer the same affability and good-humour which had characterized him at first sight. In fact, he was ever cheerful and gay, except when he spoke upon music. Not that even then he appeared stern or morose; but the elevated idea which he entertained of his art, its aim and powers, fired his whole being with enthusiasm; his eyes beamed with genial lustre; he seemed inspired, and desirous of inspiring others with the sacred flame.

"Ferdinand," said he, when Mrs. Bauer had left us to pass in review the valuables which my immense travelling receptacle had brought from Fulberg, "Ferdinand, you are come here to study music: before I ask you another question, tell me, is it from your own wish, or that of your friends?"

"Mine, above all things."

"That's something, my boy; indeed it is much towards future success. But even with this predilection on your part, and with the most strenuous exertions you may use, I know as yet too little of you to predict excellence in the art. It is easier to be a great general, a great philosopher—nay, even a distinguished painter or poet, than a great

an. To become a composer of eminence, ust not only bring with you gifts of nature would enable you to become an artist or poet first order, but your frame and your nervous must be so constituted as to be susceptible ngs the most delicate and emotions the most ul. You must be abundantly gifted with a f propriety—with an intuitive perception of utiful; you must be an enthusiast for the our heart must be open to every noble and ous impulse—your sentiments chaste, ele- sublime, free from the dross of worldly con- ions; your judgment must be correct, your ct quick and penetrating. And allowing you, r Ferdinand, all these most rare endowments ntiful Nature, they would be like a good soil ted unless they were cultivated by an assi- study of the principles of the art in the first ce, and of other accessary branches more or nnected with it. The Muses, my dear Fer- l, are all sisters; they go hand in hand, lead- eir darling votary to the temple of Fame. you will have to sacrifice at the shrine of all of them. In directing these accessary s, I shall take care that you devote a part of ime to the classic poets of every country; a of mine has offered to give you lessons in ng, and our ballet-master will instruct you in g, on condition that you assist him with

your violin, or on the piano-forte, while he i
ing the figurantes of our opera establishmen
morrow I shall myself begin my course of
sional instruction with you; my time bei
occupied this day with the rehearsals for to-
performance. To these you can do no bett
accompany me forthwith; so the sooner
yourself dressed the better."

"Dressed!" exclaimed with a smil
Bauer, who had returned in the midst of t
course; "the whole of his wardrobe, in t
mendous trunk up-stairs, does not contain
in which I should not be ashamed to see
out of the house. You would bless yourse
the newest fashions of Feldberg!"

I still remember these terrible words,
disappointment and humiliation which the
me. After a short consultation, it was
that for the present the tailor of the family
be instantly sent for, to select the articl
eligible, and metamorphose them into a c
ciently fashionable to accompany Mrs. Ba
the evening, to the opera.

The persuasive manners of Mrs. Bau
ceeded in obtaining from the knight of th
ble a sacred promise of doing the needful
set, until which time I remained of course
prisoner in the house. In this state of ten
captivity I received a visit from my tra

companion, Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, who, on being informed of the cause of my captivity, reminded me of what he had foretold, and proposed immediately to cut me a *quantum sufficit* of his superfine blue Verviers on credit, as long as I pleased; but this time I manfully resisted his tempting offer. Mr. Benzheimer on this occasion gave Mrs. Bauer a most glowing description of the combat at the inn with the students, and spoke in terms of admiration of the valour I displayed in the engagement. "Madam," said he, "you have with you a young man of the most excellent character—gentle as a lamb, but fierce as a lion when roused by the sight of an injured fellow-being; and as for his learning, I'll match him against any youth in the capital. The students thought they had it all to themselves when they talked Latin; but Mr. Franck knew every word they said, just as if he was born and bred in Greece or Egypt!"

31.

THE OPERA.

It was a long and tedious day for me; but the man of fashions kept his word, and appeared before candlelight with his blue bag, containing the second edition of my Feldberg attire, corrected, but not augmented, for the slips he had the con-

science to return bespoke the havoc
His taste and ingenuity had done
Mrs. Bauer agreed not only that n
was producible, but that altogether
handsome. No time, therefore, wa
ceeding to the theatre, accompanied
lar friend of Mr. Bauer's, who had
to lend an arm to his spouse.

That evening at this moment d
my memory. The only regular scen
tions (Punch always excepted) whic
witnessed, were two in number—*Dr.*
the Sufferings of *St. Genoveva*—bot
dramas, enacted by puppets and wire
Feldberg. But here I entered a s
filling apace with the *beau monde* of
dashing officers, nobles, counsellor
clerks, and other civilians without n
one producing his individuality in
tume, and with an air of importance
desirous to impregnate the surro
sphere with his consequence—elderly
superciliously rustling their brocades
benches, and dispensing musk and
other grateful smells, by way of inde
pleasing sights—unscented nymphs
of youth, attired by the Graces in a
ried and fanciful ways, serious, smil
ing, lively. My senses were bewilde

d, until the preparatory operation of tuning led my attention to the orchestra. Two or ee minutes more, and the confused hum and n of the house, as if by magic, changed into a emn silence of expectation. Mr. Bauer, with a g white *bâton*, gave the signal, and the over- e began with a simultaneous crash. The sen- ion I felt may be imagined, but cannot be de- ibed. My frame was in a trance—the delight dered on suffering. But greater joys, greater als, awaited the novice. The curtain rose; and rar, with his beloved Astasia, joined their ces in a duet of heavenly sweetness. My ves, soon rising to their maximum of tension, re unable to withstand the powerful shock: in n I strove to stifle the inward emotion; the rs trickled down my cheeks; I sighed, I sobbed vhat followed I can only tell from hearsay, for opening my eyes I found myself in a large sa- n, placed on a sofa, leaning on Mrs. Bauer's , inundated with water and *eau de Cologne*, rounded by two or three acquaintances of hers, omen of curious idlers, &c.

'It is the heat of the house that has overcome young man," said one; while another insisted t it was the smell of the stage-lamps near our :; and a third was sure it must have been an aginary alarm of fire, caused by the artificial ning of the palace on the stage. "Come, Fer-

dinand," said the kind Mrs. Bauer, "come the air; or rather let us go home at once—seem very unwell."—I had by this time grad recovered, and I heard within the house a po ful and superb chorus sung in a masterly ma This charm I could not resist: I begged as vour to be allowed to return to my place, and B. consented, not without great reluctance. remainder of the opera passed without fa visible consequence on my part: but my frame vibrated with every successive part o music in corresponding and powerful emo nascent tears often suffused the glistening my whole being seemed as if dissolving i ecstacy of delight; but the continuance o pleasure gradually diminished its more vehe effects: I was no longer totally absorbed i sense of hearing and transports of intense fe my eyes caught at times Mr. Bauer, wie with zeal and enthusiasm, the *bâton* of har command, by which he seemed to hold the orchestra suspended and subjected to his will

The opera was followed by a pantomimic of action—"Ariadne in Naxos,"—a scenic pe ance which, although equally novel and wonders and delight for me, exerted its in rather on the senses than on the finer feel the heart. I sympathised with the forlorn tion of the deserted Cretan maid, and scorn

:r Theseus; but the arrival of Bacchus, ac-
nied by his train of bacchantes, satyrs, &c.,
appeared very materially to console the dis-
ı of the daughter of Minos, equally allayed
prehensions for her fate. The dances, atti-
and groupings of the nymphs, transported
ıagination to a land of fairies: I revelled in
ılicious enjoyment; but my self-possession
ned unaffected, and at the close of the repre-
ion my spirits, although elated and buoyant,
ln due keeping.

32.

PROGNOSTICS.

our return home we met Mr. Aaron Benz-
r, who, having just heard of the accident at
pera, came in all haste to inquire after the
ı of "his young friend." He was invited
n us at supper, which he declined with He-
humility, having supped already; but, "if
ıtruding, he would do himself the honour to
lf an hour with us."

· adventure naturally engrossed much of the
rsation. Mr. Bauer, who had observed the
nt in the house, declared that it had nearly
ıim and the orchestra out of countenance.
ooner did Mr. Benzheimer learn from Mrs.
r that the occurrence, in her opinion, was ob-

viously owing to the effect which the music had on my nerves, than he significantly shook his head.

"Excuse my freedom," he said, "if I venture to express my humble sentiments before my betters in these matters. I had already formed some ideas about Mr. Franck's future prospects in the musical line, and this little accident has completely confirmed my opinion, that music is the last thing in which he is likely to make a figure; it's quite clear now that he has no taste for it: what would you say, gentlemen, of a student in medicine that fainted away at an anatomy, or a pupil in painting that felt sick at the smell of linseed and varnish? I look upon this accident as a hint from Providence. Take my word for it, Mr. Bauer, our young friend will never make a musician.—Nature has intended him for something better than....."

Poor Mr. Benzheimer was not permitted to finish his prognostic. Mr. Bauer, the gentle, the good-tempered Mr. Bauer, on hearing the apparent slight with which the art, his idol, was mentioned, nearly choked himself in the abrupt deglutition of a goodly mouthful of half-masticated venison-pasty.

"Better than what, Mr. Benzheimer?" exclaimed my irritated Mentor: "no doubt your worldly sagacity would have the lad be a chapman in beads, ear-rings, watches and chains, laces,

ics, and broad-cloths! If *you*, Mr. Benz-
r, have no regard or feeling for an art, as
above your sphere of thinking as the hea-
strains of the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi are
the drone of a Jew's harp, I may at least
t you will not pollute the mind of my young
with your grovelling notions."

ear me! I ask a thousand pardons—I meant
nce—I am heartily sorry——"

o you ought to be, Mr. Benzheimer; your
city shall be your excuse. You are sorry for
you have said—that 's enough, as far as you
are concerned. But as for Ferdinand, let
serve, that I *too* look upon the occurrence as
t from Providence, clearly and imperatively
ng to his future calling. I, although fully
ed in the important task of conducting the
tra—I remarked the change in Ferdinand's
; I saw him struggle to stifle the sweet emo-
which that divine duet produced on his
; I saw the tears trickle down his rosy
s. Those tears, Mr. Benzheimer, were gems
precious than all the pearls and brilliants in
shop."

Bless us! bless us!!"

They flowed from a noble source, a tender, a
g heart—a soul that covibrates with harmo-
ecause it is harmony itself. Happy the pa-
whose son's eye is moistened by music! Let

him hail those tears as the heralds of all that is noble and generous in human nature—of a portion of the divine essence that pervades beings of a superior order. *You* are my boy, Ferdinand; I am sure you are a good lad, and I am as certain you will be a good musician."

Without fatiguing the reader with a farther detail of this discussion upon music, and its high rank in the scale of human attainments, it may be sufficient to add, that the enthusiasm and eloquence of Mr. Bauer silenced my modest Hebrew friend; yet obviously without convincing his mind, especially on the articles of pearls and brilliants and worldly fortune, which latter Mr. Bauer held as nothing compared with fame: while the man of sales and per-centages looked with Falstaff-like indifference upon any excellence unsusceptible of a positive valuation in florins, kreutzers, and pfennings.

33.

MONSIEUR DUPRE.

In the course of a few days, Mr. Bauer completed the plan and arrangements for my musical studies. In the theory of the science, the pianoforte, and singing, I received instruction from himself; and such were his skill, taste, and friendly zeal, and my assiduity and love for the

't, that he beheld with delight, as he expressed imself, the growth of the promising tree he had lanted and trained with unremitting care. On e violin, which I played tolerably already, I enyed the tuition of an excellent master out of oors. For the classics, mythology, and belles ettres in general, a candidate of divinity was seected, who attended me at home on very modeate terms; and a friend of Mr. Bauer's, an rtist, allowed me to attend gratis a drawingchool which he had established.

Dancing I acquired on terms of mutual accommodation; Mr. Bauer having, as already stated, nade an arrangement with Monsieur Dupré, the ballet-master, which enabled me to partake of his instructions to the *élèves de ballet*, on condition of my relieving him, as occasion might require, with my violin or the piano-forte.

The pupils consisted of half a dozen or more girls, and two or three lads, the children of persons in confined circumstances, or professional scions of the theatre. The severe drilling which these aspirants received, under the hands of their French tyrant of hops and steps, formed a striking contrast with the smiles and graces which they exhibited on the theatrical boards. Their youthful and interesting countenances, and their elegant forms, were incapable of disarming the rigour of the iron-hearted Monsieur Dupré. In this cho-

ragic *réunion*, I certainly soon became a very ac-
complished dancer; but as for every thing else
that I here learned, the debtor unquestionably
overbalanced the creditor side of the account.

In this branch of the *beaux arts* I was a per-
fect Goth, when I first presented myself at Mon-
sieur Dupré's academy; since the dance at Baron
Wolditz's, and the *gap* then and there occurring,
I had not once had a heart to venture on farther
saltatorian efforts. For the first two or three
lessons, therefore, I remained a passive fiddler, as
far as related to bodily exertion; but my looks
and thoughts were most intensely of the active
kind, when I heard the poor nymphs addressed
in terms like these—

"*Allons donc, Mademoiselle Eugénie! haussez
la jambe*: raise—a—de laig, Mees. More, more
I say.—*Souriez donc, Mademoiselle Fanny*; smile
avec grace when you make dat attitude.—*Tenez
ferme, nom d'un D——: quel à-plomb!—Encore
une fois! et si vous ne faites pas mieux*—if you
make—a—not bettair, I shall give you one box on
de ear, *savez-vous*."

At another time, Monsieur Dupré would bo-
wail his lot, which cast him among German ba-
barians. *Oh, comme ils sont bêtes, ces Allemands*
oh, de *stupide nation! qu'on me donne des cochons
de France, je les ferai danser mieux.* I will make
de French pigs dance bettair, *je vous en réponds.*

point de goût, point de grâce! Ah, juste Ciel, quel sort!"

"Knees out, Mademoiselle Victorine! if you again make dat figure of *ten* wid your knees, de stocks shall change it into a *two*." (This was no vain threat.)

It was the second or third time of my attendance, that the terrible Monsieur Dupré vouchsafed to direct his first attention to my own improvement. He would probably have delayed it longer, had not some of the nymphs challenged my co-operation in their saltatorian gambols.

"*Eh bien!*" said he, "*allons voir son savoir faire*—show to the ladies, Mr. Franck, what progress you have made in de art. You waltz, *sans doute?*"—"A little."—"You dance de minuet, *l'âme de la danse?*"—"So so."—"*Eh bien!* a little of dat, so so of de oder: ver' well, *nous allons voir tout-à-l'heure.* We shall try a minuet, and I shall give—a—you de best partnair in de academie—*ce n'est pas dire grand chose malheureusement.* Mademoiselle Victorine, come, and dance a minuet wid Monsieur Franck, *et tachez de faire de votre mieux, sans cela.....vous me comprenez.*"

The sylph-like Victorine approached with fearful diffidence. Monsieur Dupré took the fiddle; but—*horribile dictu*—the first grave obeisance I had to make turned out such a Feldberg bow, ac-

companied by such a genteel retrospective scrape of the left foot, that the whole corps *d'élèves de ballet*, with the exception of Victorine, set up a most unseemly and discouraging horse-laugh. I was done for, and begged to be excused proceeding. —"*Bah, bah, mon cher!*" replied most affectionately Monsieur Dupré; "*allez votre train—qui ne fait jamais mal ne fera jamais bien.*"

It was all in vain: my dancing propensities were at once neutralized—I was even unfit to take the fiddle again. The time of lesson fortunately being nearly over, the *réunion* was dismissed, except myself. Monsieur Dupré kindly represented the necessity of some preliminary private lessons; but regretted that his time was so occupied, that it would be next to impossible for him to accomplish this object. At last recollecting himself, he observed, that as I wrote a beautiful hand, if I could copy for him, *au net*, a collection of dances which he intended to publish, he might possibly find time to give me half an hour in the early part of the morning. In this manner I obtained his exclusive tuition for two or three weeks almost daily, which, assisted by my own exertions, an innate pride, and the encouragement from the lovely Victorine, soon rendered me competent to join triumphantly in the evolutions of those to whom I had but recently been an object of merriment.

34.

WHO COULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

'HUS I became one of the best dancers in the ital, without being conscious of my excellence; as yet, and for some time to come, no oppority was afforded me of displaying it publicly. 'his talent, as Mr. Bauer had well calculated, ved of infinite service in my musical studies; obtained insensibly correct notions of time, thm, symmetry, precision, expression: and I y experienced the truth of Mr. Bauer's reks, that taste and elegance acquired in one nch of the domain of the arts shed their genial luence over every other.

My improvement in music, and in the other nches of tuition, was visible and rapid. The ncing, however, at Monsieur Dupré's, was sudly put a stop to; Mrs. Bauer very prudently erving, that, as I had learnt there as much I could ever want, and *more* probably than s necessary, my farther attendance among a cel of giddy girls was quite improper. Where s got her information I could not guess; but, m and sincere as she was in all her actions, s told Mr. Bauer, in my presence, that she ew I already entertained a very marked partiality Victorine. "Am I right or not, Ferdinand?"

I blushed. "There! did I not tell you, Edward, that this would be the consequence?"

Mr. Bauer. "Who could have thought it?"

Mrs. Bauer (smiling.) "Thought it! Why, every body but yourself: the lad is not made of stone or marble; you have cast him in the midst of temptation, and now you are thunderstruck with astonishment: but Ferdinand has sense enough, I know, to give up all farther thoughts of such an acquaintance. There is abundance of time, my dear Ferdinand, to form attachments: and when you do form one, it will not, I hope, be on a box-keeper's daughter that you will throw yourself away. Your heart, your talents, and—I will say it—your person, are worthy of much higher views. So let this have been a youthful frolic, and think no more of it."

I endeavoured to follow the well-meant counsel, but it was up-hill work; our meetings were less frequent, but not discontinued.

35.

FIVE OF DIAMONDS.

On returning one evening from the drawing-lesson, Bärbel, who had become a great friend of mine, announced the arrival of a letter. "Mistress has got it, and a good weight it is; twenty-

r kreutzers for the postage!" I eagerly tore cover, and recognised the hand-writing of my ron:—

My dear Ferdinand,

he landlord of the Three Kings at Walbach has been e to buy hay, and in selling him two loads, I accident- heard of your encounter with the students at his se. Well done, my boy! your taking the Jew's part honourable and manly in you; you could not know t the rascal, not two years ago, cheated me wofully h the pie-bald mare that now goes in the team. If he es again set foot on my estate, may my name not be ldits, if he don't receive baptism in my horsepond. t no matter: you distinguished yourself nobly in a bad ne; you pommelled the book-worms lustily, I hear; l this display of your courage has given you new claims my friendship. As a proof of my satisfaction, I send with one of my best swords, to serve you in case of d, as it served me in cutting my way through the enemy the unfortunate day at Colin, where it received the ch it still retains. The inclosed trifle is for your pocket, drink my health with. I have no doubt you are mak- great progress in music, and hope ere long to witness r improvement.

Baron Fritz sends his love. The rascal is as wild as , plays sad pranks, and quarrels with every body; but will soon have need for his mettle. In a few days I ll lose the dear boy, perhaps for ever. I have at last him a cornetcy in the Red Hussars, now in winter- arters on the Maine; and next Saturday he sets out to the depôt at K——. He takes my Rosbach sabre; please God, the French may, before long, feel its tickle n the nephew, somewhat in the uncle's style.

I would say more, but my heart is heavy at the idea of ing the rebel. I wish you could supply his place for a le; but it must not be! so God's will be done. Old ldfitz will have courage enough to fight a host of blue ls single-handed.

Your uncle and aunt are both well, and desire their love to you.

Yours affectionately,

WOLDITZ.

P.S. Spitz, that faithful beast, died suddenly last Friday. The cold is making sad havoc among my kennel.

The enclosure was simply a *Five of Diamonds*, with a cross-cut in every pip large enough to hold between the slits a gold louis-d'or. Five louis-d'ors!! The thing looked vastly ornamental, pleasing, and consoling. I at once felt a Crœsus in riches, but was lost in a sea of conflicting doubts as to the most fit appropriation of at least part of this treasure.

Mrs. Bauer in a moment put an end to all uncertainty: "Ferdinand," said she, "this will just do to metamorphose a Feldberg nondescript into the smartest and best-looking *beau* of the whole capital. You are miserably off for clothes—the very dogs in the streets are annoyed at your appearance. Leave the thing to me, and in two days you shall not know your own self again—a very Narcissus, an Adonis, an Antinous, an Apollo; ay, and better than all of them together, a good face, a good heart, and good sense. Come along this instant."

There was no resisting—indeed, no inclination to resist. In less than ten minutes' time we stood at the counter of Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, and saw him wield, with infinite glee, yard and

scissars over his very best piece of superfine blue Verviers. "Ten per cent. discount for ready money, ten per cent. more for my young friend, and five per cent. by way of compliment to this dear and good lady! I lose by it—no matter! I should be sorry to get a kreutzer by the hero of Walbach: but mum's the word; if you mention your bargain to a soul, I'm ruined."

36.

OUT OF TUNE.

UNDER the zealous and tasteful management of Mrs. Bauer, this total regeneration was the work of two days. Mr. Bauer himself was delighted with the transformation; and to afford me, as he said, an opportunity of exhibiting my person forthwith, sent me out a-tuning. "There is the hump-backed assessor Metzler's harpsichord—an excellent instrument, for it wants tuning every month: Parson Hammer's will also want it by this time: and here is a note from Baron Dohm, who is just come to town with his niece for the season; her grand piano must be tuned immediately—do your best, for she is one of my pupils, and a charming musician."

Vanity of my trappings, no doubt, and a curiosity to see, perhaps, this charming musician, his niece, induced me to give aristocratic preference

to the Baron's commands. I strutted conseq
tially through the most frequented streets; w
lo! on turning a corner, whom should I pc
but little Victorine? She stood, she spoke
sighed; she thought I must be offended at s
thing. The wound, nearly cicatrized, reopen
once a wide portal to a host of exiled i
Cupids, who took repossession without char
ejectment. New promises and protestati
every thing on the old footing—appointmer
to-morrow—pressure of hands—affectionate
ration;—all the good Mrs. Bauer's work to
by the root!

My farther course to the grand piano wa
quite so sprightly and confident as its begi
had been. I reached the house in thought.
any thing but a tuneful ear; the Baron out
morning ride—his niece engaged with a frie
I might begin until she could speak to me.
work I made of it,—not a pure unison—not
cent fifth;—the stubborn wires vibrated in j
beats. At last I heard the approach of f
steps,—the door opened.

Heavens! it was Amelia Waldheim!
flew the wire, and my nerves were ready to
the example.

37.

PLAY FOR LOVE.

"Is it possible? or do my eyes deceive me?" exclaimed Amelia, in a tone of intense surprize, as she entered the room. "Surely it is Mr. Franck, my Feldberg friend! And to what strange combinations of fate am I indebted for this unexpected meeting?"

"To a brass wire or two out of tune I owe the happiness of seeing once more Miss Waldheim, whose image, whose voice, whose kindness, have filled my thoughts ever since the memorable evening at the house of Baron Wolditz, my friend and patron. Placed by his paternal goodness under the care of Mr. Bauer, it was by desire of the latter that I came to tune this instrument without knowing its owner."

"How droll! and a scholar of Mr. Bauer's too! We are fellow-pupils, then, of the good man; and do you know, Mr. Franck, he is vastly proud of me."

"Who would not be proud of such a pupil?"

"Oh! I can tell you of one directly. There is old Professor Rophelius, who, by the particular wish of my uncle, was to teach me algebra. Poor soul! he took infinite pains to beat his pluses and minuses into my dull brain, and to give me a

taste of involution and evolution, solution and resolution; but I made a sorry hand of it. I plagued him sadly, to sicken him of his ungrateful task. When he maintained that two negative quantities multiplied together yielded an affirmative product, I said it was no such thing, for two fibs, multiplied a thousand times, would never make a true story.—All would not do! Professor Rophelius had the patience of an angel. At last I hit upon the thing. When he went on stating his equations and casting his quantities, I began casting a tender and languishing look at his red nose; I sighed, I palpitated, until old Rophy became horror-struck at the idea of having, for the first time, conquered somewhat else than algebraical problems, packed up his x's and y's, and left me master of the field."

"The expedient, you will allow, Miss Waldheim, was both cruel and hazardous. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would have fallen willing victims—I, for one."

"A skilful physician, Mr. Franck, adapts his remedies to the age and constitution of his patient. We don't give bark and constantia in a brain-fever. Besides, in the case of the algebraical professor Rophelius, love was resorted to as a repellent."

"A repellent! Miss Waldheim. The most

ole of human affections, the very essence of ich is attraction, used as a repellent ?"

"Oh, but it has its negative as well as its po-ive poles—you 'll find that by and by, Mr. anck."

"Never, never, Miss Waldheim ; may that ment....."

"Don't swear, whatever you do. I am a bit a mathematician, as I told you—always ready ith proof. You know well enough, by this time, d Bärbel, Mr. Bauer's faithful domestic. Sup-se, what Heaven forbid ! the veteran beauty, itten with 'the noblest of all human affec-ns,' pining for the youthful heart of Mr. anck, declaring her flame by looks as languish-g as *le physique* of her reduced optical apparatus uld admit of. Methinks I hear the aforesaid r. Franck, horror-struck, ejaculate, 'Avaunt, thou apter !' &c. &c. *Quod erat demonstrandum*, as ofessor Rophelius used to say when he had fi-hed his problems."

"But suppose, Miss Waldheim....."

"We 'll suppose another time, Mr. Franck. I ve a morning call or two to make, and am all s while interrupting your tuning. You'll ige me by doing your best to finish the instru-nt. I shall soon be back, for I wish much to two or three things which I am shortly to

sing in company. To-morrow week, you must know, is my birthday, and my uncle gives a little *fête*, partly musical, on the occasion. It is to be at Monplaisir, and we shall feel great pleasure if you will be of the party. So mind, don't engage yourself, Mr. Franck: *à revoir!*"

What a change in my whole being one short hour was capable of producing! The agitation, the conflict, the chaos of sensations in which Amelia left me, would afford ample matter for a sentimentally descriptive chapter in a novel; and there can be no question that, even in the more solid department of biography, the present would be a legitimate opportunity for a considerable extent of fine writing, but for the regard which I conscientiously entertain for the time of my readers. What I might say has, to my knowledge, been repeatedly and most satisfactorily exhibited in letter-press: nay, many of my readers, I am sure, have experienced feelings quite similar upon similar occasions; and those that have not, I am perfectly certain, can pretty well imagine the sensations I experienced.

Suffice it therefore to say, in one word, what I felt was *love;* love intense, love in a state of the highest condensation and compression, such as I had been a stranger to before. How pure, how vivid, and ethereal, appeared the flame which Amelia, as with the heavenly torch of Prometheus

ad kindled in my bosom, when compared with he dim and evanescent glimmer of Victorine's mage; and, above all, with the gross and murky alo through which I now saw the chubby full-noon face of Mary Dickel of Feldberg memory!

What a gradation! what a contrast! Amelia—how intellectual, how spirituous, how supremely cultivated! and how kind, how affable, to one she had seen but once before! whispered self-conceit.—Her discernment, no doubt, found something interesting, something congenial. Mr. Benzheimer's superfine blue Verviers was, indeed, reflected satisfactorily from the lofty French mirror over the marble *console;* but what are fine draperies in the eyes of the highly-gifted Amelia? The mind, the intellectual endowments, perhaps too the sparkling looks, the beaming countenance—those heralds of mental perfection,—these, all these may have pleaded my cause with the lovely Amelia.

The foregoing, and other most comforting and encouraging reflections, were the work of a moment; for I recollected my charmer's parting request—to finish her piano without loss of time. Love is harmony; my whole frame vibrated harmoniously, and the wires kindly vibrated in concert. Never was an instrument attuned more rapidly, more truly: no wolf, no jarring; every rial proved correct: prelude crowded upon pre-

lude; tender and soothing melodies alternated with the skilful modulations and genial fantasies of the enraptured lover.

"Bravo! bravissimo!" exclaimed a voice behind me, accompanied by a gentle tap on the shoulder; when, on turning round, I beheld an elderly gentleman, of dignified aspect, in a damask morning-gown; his scanty hair well powdered; embroidered waistcoat, silk stockings, black cordovan shoes, with moderate-sized gold buckles. I immediately recognized the features of Amelia's uncle, Baron Dohm; he seemed willing to recollect mine; a few questions, addressed to me with a certain degree of aristocratic condescension, elicited the requisite information as to my errand, my patron, calling, and instructor.—The Baron congratulated me on my good fortune in having such a man as Mr. Bauer for a master, and was pleased to remark, that, from what he had heard just now, I was not only likely to do honour to his tuition, but in a fair way of making my fortune. "Our most gracious sovereign," he continued, "is enthusiastically fond of music; and as this passion is, amidst numberless redeeming virtues, the only foible with which his bitterest enemies can tax the best of monarchs, his loyal subjects not only look on it with indulgence, but, in a great measure, follow the example set to them. We have men high in office who devote a portion of their time to

musical practice; it is quite common here for clerks in the public departments to sing duets, trios, and finales, while writing public dispatches and accounts at their desks; and but lately a lucrative appointment was bestowed upon a foreigner for no other reason than because he was a most skilful amateur on the kettledrum; which instrument had previously been but indifferently filled at our grand opera.—Music and the drama, Mr. Franck, are every thing here at this moment; and I verily believe we are all of us more or less carried away by the fashion of the day. A-propos, my young friend, are you in the habit of playing from a score?"

"It forms a principal branch of Mr. Bauer's instruction, and I have devoted to it much attention and practice."

The Baron here stept out; and instantly returning with a thick roll of music, placed it before me, to know, as he expressed himself, my *savoir faire*.

"Surely," said I, "this is Mr. Bauer's handwriting."

"Never mind, let us hear....."

"Bravo! charming, my young Orpheus! You are the man we want. But first of all I must depend upon your secresy. I am glad to find Mr. Bauer has attended to my injunctions. This little trifle, you must know, Mr. Franck, is a mythological ballet of my invention, with which I mean to

surprise my niece on her birthday next Tuesday week. Mr. Bauer has set it to music, and, as you may suppose, was to preside at the piano; but this morning only he has informed me, that for that very day a grand rehearsal of the new opera has been announced, at which his attendance is indispensable. The birthday, of course, cannot be put off; and to put off a grand rehearsal in this musical capital is not a trifle, I can assure you, although we shall try hard for it. To be prepared for the worst, however, I would have you run over the music and give it a little practice; it shall be sent to you, together with the book. You'll therefore consider yourself engaged by me for Tuesday week, to lend a hand at my musical *fête* at Monplaisir. In any case your services will be useful, and you will have an opportunity of making yourself a little known before some of the best families in the capital, besides being a louis the richer for it."

"I feel deeply your Excellency's kindness; but my services, allow me to observe, must be without any other remuneration than the honour of their being deemed deserving of your Excellency's notice."

"No, no, Mr. Franck; on such conditions we should be obliged to dispense with your assistance. You are not an amateur; and you will meet many of your profession, and some of the first eminence,

ose talents are engaged upon terms of remune-
on: but we shall talk about this another time.
I have to request is, the strictest secresy; not
ord to a living soul: for, between us, I have an
litional and important aim in view. The ballet
uite allegorical, and its object is to convey a de-
te hint to my niece to hasten her marriage."

This sound acted as a crash of thunder in my
. I believe I just reechoed, wonderstruck,
Marriage! Miss Waldheim?"

"I am surprised you have not heard of it; for the
tch has been the talk of the capital this twelve-
nth past, and it is high time it should be real-
d. Major von Dornhoff's patience is really quite
mplary, considering his lofty spirit, his fortune,
l his family—one of the most ancient among the
her nobility of the country. One of his ances-
s fought in the Crusades; his ashes repose in the
nd of Cyprus."

"Perhaps Miss Waldheim feels no particular in-
ation....."

"On the contrary, my niece likes the Major well
ugh: but the girl is an oddity; she has the
st singular notions about....."

At this word Amelia's carriage was heard below:
Baron snatched up his manuscript, once more
joined strict secresy, and hastily withdrew.

A servant appeared soon afterwards, to request

that I would tarry a few minutes, as Miss
heim had a friend below, whom she had
waiting for her.

38.

LOVE ON HORSEBACK.

I TRIED in vain to beguile the time at the pia
every idea was sombre, disjointed, flat, and meag
the fingers wandered about mechanically—
heart had no share in their motion. How distas
ful, how sickening, is music to a mind ill at ea
"A rival!" said I to myself, "a favoured rival—
rival whose ancestor fought in the Crusades! Ah!
poor Ferdinand, thy case is desperate indeed—th
lot miserable. Fly, fly these hateful walls, ev
thou behold her once more." At these words I seized
my hat; but I felt as if spell-bound. The rosy
goddess, Hope, breathed her sweet harmonious
whispers: 'A twelvemonth's courtship!'—'the
girl is an oddity'—'has the most singular notions.'
The thing is clear—clear as broad day; Amelia
hates the Major—a feeling of obedience towards
her uncle—unhappy for the rest of her days—
sacrificed to family pride!—Thou, Ferdinand, art
the Guardian Angel sent for her deliverance—
elope—distant climes—cottage—bread and the pure
element, seasoned with mutual love;—Letter.....

', a letter declaring my passion, and offering my
mmediate aid in her rescue.

Pen and paper, as if providentially sent, being
n a side-table, I began the momentous dispatch—
ith a large ugly blot, besides minor opaque satel-
tes—bad omen—fresh sheet.

"My dear Miss Waldheim."

Farther this deponent said not. All mental
missions seemed hermetically sealed; not a ra-
onal idea for a beginning! And how indite a
etter without a beginning?

"Pardon the boldness of one....." Here the
ell rang below, a pair of boots and clattering spurs
ere heard cavalrily stalking out of the house: my
'unpardonable boldness" had scarcely time to
ink to the pocket of its owner, before Amelia
pened the door.

"Excuse my making you wait, Mr. Franck, but
I had a beau of mine to receive—Major Dornhoff,
whose attentions are too marked and constant to
be treated with neglect. He pays his respects daily
and most chronometrically, just an hour before
parade: but to-day he was behind his time, owing
to an illness in his family; his Camilla has passed
a very restless night; 'much fever—not eaten a
morsel these four-and-twenty hours—the groom
obliged to sit up with her all night: and, though
somewhat composed this morning, the farrier still

considers her in danger.'—Poor beast! don't you sympathize, Mr. Franck?"

"I envy the man whose very charger can awaken the sympathies of Miss Waldheim."

"No more than natural, Mr. Franck, as in duty bound: for the Major, as the world will have it, is my intended."

"Heaven forbid!"

"Forbid, Mr. Franck? and what can be your objections?"

"Because the union must render Miss Waldheim unhappy for the rest of her days. Affection, I should apprehend, can have no share in it."

"Whatever foibles Major Dornhoff may possess, I assure you, Mr. Franck, he is a very good sort of a man; quite likely to make a woman comfortable in his way."

"If he treats her but half as well as his horse. But when there 's no love, Miss Waldheim....—"

"Well, and what then? I don't see why a woman should be over head and ears in love with a man before she marries him. This love, to be sure, must be a strange thing; something like the gout, I suppose,—nobody can fancy what it is till he has felt it: I wonder if ever I shall have a touch of the complaint. Just for a day or two, by way of knowing a little about it, I should not care."

"Miss Waldheim, then, has never experienced what it is?"

"Not that I know of: you, no doubt, have felt it, Mr. Franck?"

"And feel it deeply, intensely, Miss Waldheim, at this moment, when the heavenly object of my pure, of my....."

Amelia (shutting my lips with her hand, which I kissed fervently). "Not another word, Mr. Franck! We are growing too serious by half. Come, we were to try some songs against the *fête*. Here's one to begin with: Mozart's divine air, *Porgi Amore*—a favourite of my uncle's. That's the *tempo*, exactly!"

Every note of Amelia's beautiful voice was a killing dart, in my situation. Totally absorbed, I am unconscious what or how I played. Wretchedly, no doubt; for she stopped short in the midst of the air, and, after a minute's pause, burst out laughing:—"So, Mr. Franck, you want me to sing *Porgi Amore* to the tune of *Ah Perdona!* for, without once looking at the notes, you have most skilfully contrived to slip from one air into the other."

"Pardon me, Miss Waldheim: my feelings were but little calculated for the task when I began; and the air, and the intense expression which you infused into every word and note, com-

pleted the work of destruction—unnerved, o
whelmed me."

"The noble creature *Man*, the Lord of
Creation, unnerved by Woman, a second edi
of himself? overwhelmed by a mere song?"

"By sounds of heavenly sweetness, utt
with an emotion which—I cannot suppress
thought, Miss Waldheim—deeply shook my t
in your previous declaration. What! a stra
to love, and yet depict it with a feeling so t
so intense? Ah no, Miss Waldheim! your h
feels it but too well; feels—for another n
happy than....."

"As if the chubby well-fed friar could
preach an excellent sermon against good liv
All matter of imitation—study and task-w
But since you doubt my sincerity, Mr. Fra
it were better we end a discussion which I
has been already carried too far. Allow m
withdraw."

"Stay, for Heaven's sake, Miss Waldhe
grant me but another moment, to save me f
despondency. The rash avowal of a passio
cannot control has justly drawn upon me y
displeasure. Your forgiveness is all I ask. Y
anger would for ever seal my wretched doom."

"Anger, Mr. Franck! how can you thinl
such a thing? I do not see why a woman sh
be offended with a man for loving her. The

most she is warranted in doing, would be to decline the offer courteously, without being obliged to state why and wherefore. But even upon this point you have had all the information I can give."

"You are right, Miss Waldheim; a happier rival....."

"You are wrong, Mr. Franck; there is no rival in the case."

"Major Dornhoff?"

"The poor Major seems to haunt you as much as he does me. His courtship is persevering, it is true; and sanctioned, moreover, by my uncle. But to give you another proof of the sincerity you so much doubt, I frankly tell you my heart is free—free as the air which I breathe."

"These balmy words, Miss Waldheim, restore me to life. A fresh ray of hope gladdens my heart. But yet Major Dornhoff's assiduities—"

"Are tolerated, not encouraged. Not that he might not, for aught I know, make a very passable husband. He is a man of correct principles, and generally esteemed; but he loves himself, and, next to himself, his cattle, too dearly to have much affection to spare for a wife. He was to have come to take my uncle and me to town in his equipage; but when the time drew near, his whole equine establishment was pronounced unfit to venture, without imminent risk, on a journey

of a few German miles. Not to speak of poor Camilla, the valetudinarian, Vesta had sore eyes and Lucretia a running of the nose, which rendered it impossible for the dear creatures to encounter the bleak easterly winds."

"Monstrous! unpardonable! Ah, Miss Waldheim! how I should have flown to the delightful task! My life, my last breath, I am ready to resign for your sake."

"That would be a sad thing too, on both sides I should imagine; but jesting aside, Mr. Franck you must think of some other choice. In th first place, I feel no inclination whatsoever t submit to the bonds of Hymen. My heart is free as I have told you already, and free it shall re main, at least as long as I can help it: but wha is more, void as I myself may feel, and certainl do feel, of any thing bordering upon aristocrat notions, my uncle's ideas are quite the reverse to none but a union with a noble family will h consent ever be obtained; and he is too good a uncle—he has too scrupulously discharged a f ther's duty—not to render it mine to comply wi his wishes in that respect. Let me, therefore, b it as a favour . . . . ."

At these words, the arrival of two femm friends was announced. I took my leave rel tantly; for I would fain have asked one mo question, fain have prolonged the interview f

ever. As I withdrew, Amelia in a playful way tapped my shoulder, and said, "Now mind you behave well, Mr. Franck, and do not pine like a woe-begone knight-errant. We remain friends, I hope: why should there not be friendship between the two sexes, without rings and banns?"

On crossing the hall, a servant handed me a sealed parcel containing the score of the ballet; which, however, remained but a short time in my possession, as, through Baron Dohm's influence, the day for the opera rehearsal was changed, and the impediment to Mr. Bauer's attending at Monplaisir removed.

39.

A SPOONFUL OF MUSIC.

BETTER late than never," Monsieur Ferdinand, said old Bärbel, as I met her descending Mr. Bauer's stairs with an armful of discarded plates and dishes; "master and mistress have done dinner: they waited a precious while; but I have kept every thing nice and hot for you, Monsieur Ferdinand, that I have."

I accounted and apologised to Mr. and Mrs. Bauer as well as I could for my late return; but there was too much confusion and abstraction in my expressions and manner not to attract the penetrating notice of the latter. "What! five

hours over one instrument, Ferdinand?" (shaking her head) "I hope you'll not have to get your bread by tuning."

"And why not five hours, my dear?" asked the good Mr. Bauer, while handing me a plate of soup: "when the instrument has been standing for months in a room without a fire, half a dozen wires minus, perhaps, and not a note in tune; wretched enough, I dare say!"

"It is very good."

"Oh! you finished the business? that's right, Ferdinand; never leave a thing when you have once begun it. Did you see Miss Waldheim? Did she play on it? Was she satisfied?"

"No; oh! yes, yes; I can hardly tell."

"Nor anybody else, I vouch, from *your* information. Well, what do you think of Miss Waldheim's playing? How do you like it?"

"It is excellent! I'll take another spoonful!" Here Mrs. Bauer, bursting out in a loud laugh, exclaimed, "A spoonful of music? excellent! capital! What ails the lad? His senses are abroad."

Mr. Bauer, never missing an opportunity for mirth, also laughed immoderately at the idea of a spoonful of music, wittily adding, "The expression, my dear, is not so preposterous as you imagine; on the contrary, it is literally applicable to one or two of our vocal luminaries, who mouth and chew their words and sounds as if they had to swal-

em by spoonfuls, or were uttering them
ı a medium of hasty-pudding. Although
auer, as in duty bound, had a laugh for this
ıing of her spouse's, she could not help ob-
, that my eating was mere pantomime, quite
l; and she felt sure that something was the
with me. "Has any thing happened, Fer-
? Have you been any where else?"
where but at Baron Dohm's, from the time
ome until my return."
Baner, who, among the various attentions
his comfortable philosophy devoted to his
f, deemed a nap after dinner highly condu-
the action of digestion, had already pro-
the partial presence of the poppied divi-
ı a few *sotto voce* nasal intonations. But as
remained in that neutral state of limbo, in
external impressions are still allowed en-
and the gradual importunities of the intru-
ıy be temporarily stayed by divers bodily
such as a goggling stare of the eyes, a shake
ıead, a twitch, &c.
ng, therefore, a very ample pinch of snuff
he salt-cellar, he just observed to Mrs. B.
was sure there was nothing the matter with
fatigue. "'Tis no trifle, my dear, to bend
dy four or five hours over a piano, handling
brass wires, and being stunned with an
ng ding-dong, till you are no longer capable

of distinguishing a unison, much less a third, and your head—your head.....that

"That's *not* all!" reechoed the sage Bauer, with a much more significant head than that of her good husband closing the shutters of his visual appa dropping into a placid state of counten which it was to be inferred that fantas nal workings of pleasing import had al menced.

"That's *not* all," said Mrs. Bauer: eaten nothing, Ferdinand, you sigh; y wandering; you are ill at ease. The the lovely heralds of conflict between er nocence, betray you, Ferdinand. You Victorine!"

"*Seen!* yes, by mere accident, in th going to Miss.....to Baron Dohm's."

"You did not speak to her?"

"But a few words. The meeting was it would scarcely have been decorous to from her. But believe me, Mrs. Baue prehensions are perfectly groundless: y caution has had its due effect; I feel i full force. How ridiculous should I hav in the eyes of the world, in my own est this transient acquaintance with a fo little figurante, had led to a more seri ment! I have done with her, Mrs. B

beg you will not put me in mind of a folly I was on the brink of committing."

"Done with her? a pert little figurante! Ferdinand, what means all this? We have all at once modulated into a new key." Here Mrs. Bauer's countenance betrayed the workings of the keenest mental combinations. For one moment, her black penetrating eyes shed a luminous beam, while her half-open lips and raised dark brows betokened astonishment. "No," said she, shaking her head, "he would never have such presumption; besides, the attempt would be hopeless; her heart has been pledged these....."

"Her heart, Mrs. Bauer, is free—free as the air she breathes! These were her own words."

"Whose heart, pray? whose words?"

"The words of an angel in female guise—the words of Miss Waldheim."

"What! Ferdinand: and these balmy, these comfortable words—pray when were they heard to proceed from her angelic lips?"

"They were addressed to me by Miss Waldheim herself, not half an hour ago."

"Bravo! bravissimo!!" vociferated Mrs. Bauer, amidst loud bursts of laughter. The words *bravo! bravissimo!!* so vigorously intonated, reached the portals of Mr. Bauer's mental perceptibilities, which, although the outward man slept, were probably tracing to his happy fancy, in illusive

imagery, the first performance of his new opera—the overture, no doubt: or perhaps, according to the doctrine of some later psychologists, the calls of *bravo! bravissimo!!* so cheering at all times to compositorial ears, on striking the sensorium of Mr. Bauer, plunged by sleep into a complete *tasse*, engendered, with the rapidity of an electric spark, the dream most befitting the outward influential cause; acting as a sort of accompaniment thereto, in the same manner as odours, long missed, will swiftly carry us to scenes quite forgotten to which they had been a party.

But leaving these speculations to metaphysicians more skilled in dreams, the simple fact was, that no sooner had the *bravo! bravissimo!!* greeted the susceptible kettledrums of Mr. Bauer's auricular apparatus, and assured him of the enthusiastic applause lavished on the overture he was directing in his dream, than he rose, as in duty bound, from his elbow-chair, and, with a modest smile, hands gracefully clasped towards his shirt frill, but eyes still closed, made three respectfully-profound obeisances in diverging angles; one O. P., the other P. S., and the third and last towards the supposed pit of critics. Whether Finette, who lay peaceably reposing on a chair close by, thought she was made game of, or took the profound inclinations as an invitation to join in a little sport with her best friend in the house, is immaterial; she rose on

her hind-legs, and, with feline celerity, applied her fanged plectrum of claws to recall her master from his balmy imaginings to the realms of the material world.

With her husband's contribution to the stock of merriment, Mrs. Bauer, naturally jocund, had wherewith to enjoy a full display of her risible powers at our conjoint expense; and it was some time before she felt capable of answering the reiterated questions of her spouse.

"The matter, my dear!" she exclaimed at last in broken accents: "oh, nothing very particular; only a young fiddler-apprentice in love with the niece of His Excellency Baron von Dohm.

"What! Miss Waldheim? you don't say so: to be sure she has always idolized music: the best pupil I ever had, not including Ferdinand in the number."

"Oh, then it would be a thousand pities not to unite for ever two such promising scholars. What a progeny of musical genius we shall set our eyes upon! Methinks I hear the pretty little dears solfaing in the cradle, *Do re mi fa*."

"What are you talking about, my dear? you do not mean surely——What——Fer....."

"Who else but Ferdinand Franck, the subduer, the King of Hearts, the Don Giovanni of the Capital, the irresistible paragon of beauty and loveliness!"

"Poor fellow! he does not know that Miss Waldheim is pledged to Major von Dornhoff."

"Miss Waldheim," exclaimed Mrs. Bauer, "is as free as the air she breathes: she told him so not half an hour ago."

"Told whom?"

"Ferdinand, the irresistible, to be sure; what woman can help yielding to these languishing—these bewitching looks?"

"And has Miss Waldheim really given you any hopes, Ferdinand?"

"Not exactly hopes: yet, as I have it from her own lips that she is still unfettered in her choice; as she seemed any thing but offended at my avowal,—if it were not for the serious impediment on the part of her uncle, which Miss Waldheim mentioned....."

Mrs. Bauer. "Oh! she mentioned that sad circumstance herself, did she? Better and better! in terms of agonizing despair, no doubt, poor thing! Is there no way of getting over such a trifle?"

At that moment Bärbel entered with a note. "It is for you, Ferdinand," said Mr. Bauer, to whom she handed it; "and the direction in Baron Dohm's hand-writing. What can this mean?"

"To forbid him the house, to be sure," exclaimed Mrs. Bauer, singing *Non più andrai farfallone amoroso.* "You are agitated, Ferdinand," said the kind Mr. Bauer, pressing my hand; "shall I read

it? 'Baron Dohm presents his compliments to Mr. Franck, and requests the favour'.....Hurrah, Ferdinand! cheer up, my boy!.....'the favour of his company'.....that's *your* company.....' at a rural *fête* at Monplaisir, on Tuesday the 17th instant.'——*Victoria! victoria!!*" vociferated Mr. Bauer in ecstasy, dancing round the room in antic steps. "She is yours; *hai vinto la causa!* you have conquered, you rogue in grain, like Julius Cæsar: *veni, vidi, vici.* These, these are the powerful—the irresistible effects of our divine art! Thou art a favourite of the omnipotent goddess, Ferdinand. Go on sacrificing at her hallowed shrine; it is the sure path to fortune, and, what is more, to immortal fame."

Mrs. Bauer. "There will be an end of sacrifices, if he marries Miss Waldheim."

Mr. Bauer. "How so, my good Fanny? Have *I* forsaken the art since our happy union? Have my productions been less numerous, less genial?"

Mrs. Bauer. "We'll talk of them another time, my good Bauer. I am contented; and that's enough for us both. Had Heaven blessed us with a family, we might have been less happy, and your musical productions less numerous and genial, I'm sure. But be this as it may, a union between Ferdinand and Miss Waldheim, the heiress of Baron Dohm's vast fortune, will put an end to music in a very short time. Genius, like the

fragrant and balmy Alpine plant, thrives but ill in a pampered soil."

Mrs. Bauer's prognostic had a sensible effect upon her husband. He felt its force, and appeared for some moments cast down by the dilemma which stared him in the face. But the good man belonged to that rare and enviable class of mortals, who wish to feel happy under any circumstances; and, so wishing, are seldom at a loss to base their felicity upon arguments proffered to them by an accommodating system of reasoning. "Your remark, my dear girl," he said, "like most of the reasoning of your sex—excuse my candour—has considerable plausibility on the surface, but is fallacious at bottom. The precious and rare plant of Genius, I agree with you, is seldom brought forth in a rich and luxuriant soil; and if our Ferdinand be fortunate enough to belong to that enviable class, his humble origin and history, to the present time, sufficiently attest the truth of the observation. *He*, surely, has not been brought forth and reared in the lap of plenty. But you seem to forget, my excellent girl, that the tree *is* reared, and advancing towards healthy maturity. The question, therefore, appears to be whether its farther growth would be more luxuriant, its fruit more abundant and luscious, if it in its native arid and barren waste, than if transferred to a more genial and nourishing soil?

in the way of putting the question, my dear; and I'm sure it carries its own answer, and its application too. Ferdinand is about to step into a princely fortune....."

Mrs. Bauer. "Oh, that's a settled matter? well then, step away, Ferdinand; just raise one leg, take care you don't slip."

Self. "Would it were so certain as Mr. Bauer's kindness imagines it to be!"

Mr. Bauer. "I entertain but little doubt on the subject. At all events, I put the case for argument's sake; and such is my firm belief in your enthusiasm for the art, Ferdinand, that I feel confident the possession of affluence, and of a girl so highly gifted and so passionately devoted to the same pursuit, instead of paralyzing your exertions, will only act as a spur to more strenuous and noble efforts. Labouring for fame, and not for bread, your works may be few; but they will be the more classic—more certain to hand down your name to posterity."

Mr. Bauer, in proceeding with the thread of his discourse, illustrated his position by referring to a variety of poets, painters, sculptors, and even composers, who, amidst the smiles of fortune, and surrounded by affluence, had produced masterpieces in their line; and the dissertation on so favourite a topic might have extended to an inconvenient length, had not the clock announced

the hour at which he never failed to present himself at the *Café des Beaux Esprits*, not only to join certain friends, as regular as himself, at billiards—a game in which he delighted and excelled, but also to hear, no less than to impart, any news which the annals of the capital might have furnished during the last four and twenty hours. Communicative as he was in his disposition, Mrs. Bauer very prudently enjoined silence on the subject which had engaged our afternoon's discussion.

40.

MONANDRIA AND CRYPTOGAMICS.

THE happy spouse had no sooner left the room, than Mrs. Bauer seriously entered upon the topic of my unforeseen and "unfortunate" attachment. There was something so kindly persuasive in her address to me, and the motive of her interference was so truly friendly, that she gradually succeeded in learning the most minute particulars of the morning's interview with Amelia. Mrs. Bauer was pleased on finding matters less advanced and promising on the side of Miss Waldheim than what she had at first been led to surmise; although she blamed her conduct, for entering into any explanation at all with me, under circumstances which excluded the slightest ray of hope, both on the side of the uncle and Amelia herself, as she

had distinctly declared that she felt no partiality for me or any one else.

"And there," added Mrs. Bauer, "she has told you the plain truth. She has had several very assiduous admirers belonging to our first families; and after amusing them, or rather diverting herself with them, for a while, they had, each in his turn, notice to quit. The Major has persevered the longest, and the encouragement she has given him warranted a belief that his suit would terminate successfully, although I knew her too well not to have my doubts; and from your information, these doubts, then, are fully confirmed.—I have the highest opinion of Miss Waldheim's mental qualifications and accomplishments. They are of a superior order—for her, perhaps, unfortunately so: she is more head than heart. Without meaning to offend you, Ferdinand, I look upon her to be unsusceptible of true feeling, and incapable of love."

"You would think otherwise, had you heard her sing *Porgi Amore* this morning."

"Mere imitation, mimickry—mere head-work. She is too clever and acute, not to portray to the life what she has observed in others: she excels in whatever she undertakes. To her force in music you are no stranger. In painting she is nearly as skilful; and she is not particularly nice in the choice of her subjects. At our last exhibition she

had a Venus rising from the bosom of the waves, done in oil; and a sketch in bistre for a future painting, representing Perseus liberating Andromeda from the grasp of the Sea-monster. This latter was admired by all the gentlemen-connoisseurs."

"No wonder her divine mind grasps equally all the fine arts!"

"Oh! but the sciences too, and the dead languages; Miss Waldheim prides herself on her Latin! Perhaps you don't know that she is an adept in chemistry. There 's her laboratory at Baron Dohm's, which is a perfect nuisance to the neighbours; and proved particularly so last autumn, when she gave a course of lectures to some ten or a dozen female friends, most of whom, however, were soon put to flight by the smell of the gaseous and other experimental preparations. One had her eyelashes and eyebrows singed by an explosion of inflammable air; and the few who stayed were known all the rest of the days of lecture by the atmosphere which accompanied them. One actually lost by it a handsome young man who had paid his addresses in good earnest, but whose delicate olfactory nerves took umbrage at the unsavoury chemical effluvia."

"You colour strongly, Mrs. Bauer. But your account of Amelia's indefatigable mental pursuits

'eases my veneration. The more the bet-
ısic, painting, chemistry."

botany, if you please. Two years ago
'as the rage; and day after day, rain or
, Miss Waldheim was seen, like a wood-
:oaming over hill and dale by the side of
ɔunt Hademar, the favourite of the day,
; simples and ....."

by themselves ?"

they had mostly a donkey, I believe, to
ɜ bundles of monandrias and cryptoga-
she called them when exhibiting her
n.—You appear staggered, alarmed, Fer-
Fear nought: that too was all head-work
r part, at least, I will answer for it; her
l no interest in these rustic rambles."

Baron Dohm, surely——the opinion of
l....."

the latter, my good Ferdinand, Miss
m cares not a straw; and as for Baron
he may do just what she pleases, except
; a plebeian: his strict aristocratic ideas
uld be quite sufficient to render him in-
m this point, without the melancholy fate
Valdheim's own parents, which I am sure
· act as a warning to the uncle. It is a
, told in a few words:—The young Ba-
ohm, of more inflammable organization,

no doubt, than Miss Waldheim, had the misfortune to be captivated at a ball by the graceful figure and address of a young officer of dragoons: an intimacy ensued; proposals were made to the parents, but spurned with disdain, because Lieutenant Waldheim, although of respectable parents, was not of noble birth. The family possessed influence enough to transfer poor Waldheim soon afterwards to another regiment on the frontiers; and the old Baroness was not idle in looking out for a more eligible son-in-law. It was not long before a noble swain presented himself. The intreaties, prayers, and tears of the intended victim were unavailing; the day of her nuptials was announced to her, when she declared herself to be the wife of Waldheim. You may conceive the stupefaction, the rage of the family! The chaplain, Waldheim's friend, who had united them, fled in time: the poor husband was arraigned before a court-martial, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, if I am not mistaken; and the young Baroness, although in an advanced state of pregnancy, was hurried from the capital to the solitary cottage of a ranger in the Spessart Forest. There she gave birth to Amelia, and fell a victim to grief and despair; and poor Waldheim, on hearing the sad tidings, threw himself headlong from the top of his prison. Remorse now visited the parents; the infant was nursed as a precious

, in atonement for the persecution of the
of its life. The old Baron died a few
terwards, and was soon followed by his
'heir vast property descended to their only
Baron Dohm you have seen, who, child-
self, took his niece under his protection,
her, and spared no expense or care to
er one of the most accomplished females
untry. Amelia is his idol, and will in-
he possesses, provided, as I have already
d, she marries a noble; the selection of
owever, the uncle entirely leaves to her
ce. And I ought to add, for your informa-
dinand, that such is her attachment and
n for Baron Dohm, and such the since-
ner character, that I am convinced she
ther remain single, than imitate the ex-
her mother, or unite herself to any man
oved of by her second father."
has told me as much herself."
y, then, Ferdinand, indulge in chimerical
ich can only lead to disappointment and
estruction of all your future prospects;
pursuit of which, if successful, must
sery on the object of your affections?"
if I obtain the uncle's consent. This
urages a hope that he may not prove in-
in a matter which so nearly concerns the
of his niece."

"Who, you should add, told you in plain term that she felt no sort of relish for the felicity yo intend for her."

Mrs. Bauer in vain exerted her eloquence f some time longer, to dissuade me from any farth connexion with Amelia; and when she found s her oratorical efforts unavailing, she left the roo observing, that, in my present state of mental ill sion and infatuation, I was totally unfit to list to sober reasoning, and that she would therefo await a more propitious opportunity to save me, possible, from the abyss of wretchedness into whi I seemed determined to plunge headlong.

41.

LESSONS AND INEXPRESSIBLES.

THE God of Love is frequently represented bereft of vision; surely he must be as deaf as is blind. In fact, love is a state of mental d rangement—a brain-fever, a phrenzy, paralysis the functions of our senses, and a suspension the healthy operations of our understanding; a it is perhaps only owing to the universality of t disease, and a consequent fellow-feeling, that victims escape the straight jacket and incarce tion. When the paroxysm is passed, we oft look back blushingly and with astonishment up the period of our mental aberration; and the on

lation we can muster is, that others have as great fools of themselves as we, and that visest have had their fits as bad and worse the neutral ordinaries of our race.

eat stress has been laid upon the indispen-ty of the aforesaid complaint, which is ge-ly considered as a necessary *evil* for the *good* ir species. But this argument falls to the nd, when we cast a glance at the grave and nal Turk, and numerous other Oriental na-, who obtain their wives without ever setting upon them, or hearing as much as the sound eir voice, before marriage, and who, conse-dly, escape the brain-fever so universal in tian countries. It is true, these Levanters, exempt from the disorder, are by way of ce subjected to the visitation of the plague: or the latter there are remedies and quaran-; while our Christian complaint is almost in-le, and the cure but too often worse than the se.

rs. Bauer's long sermon, instead of diminish-he symptoms, like scanty drops of water thrown blazing fire, only increased the force of the laint. I read and read again the cheering of Amelia's uncle; the paper, although com-octavo foolscap, seemed to breathe heavenly me; kisses by proxy were imprinted on the sheet of rag paste, for it surely had passed

through Amelia's hands; and an answ
in superbly grateful terms, was forthwi
to convey my acceptance "of the hon
Baron's condescending invitation."

But fleeting are the moments of ou
ment, and the transitions the more gra
lofty and noble conceptions of bliss are i
by low and absolutely physical impedim
full enjoyment of our fancied happiness.
suit I wore, however reputable, was li
least but partially, calculated to int
among the grandees I was to join at
The want of a miserable pair of silk
put a stop to the enviable exuberance
tative felicities.—Innumerable ways a
some ridiculous, others not altogether
were proposed and rejected; I cursed a
the refinement in civilization which hid
human form in coverings pilfered from
creation, and envied the Ethiopian, wh
lessly present himself as his Creator
him, in the first circles of Wangarral
buctoo.—But the omnipotent divinity of
fever was not to be baffled by a pair of p
a thought, as if by inspiration, flashed th
mind; and some objections on the scor
correctness being arbitrarily silenced, I
proceeded to the execution of the happy

"A pair of silk pantaloons?" excl

friend, Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, with a
ng smile, from behind the oracular fence of
-worn glossy counter, enriched with sun-
:ious numismatic specimens which, in the
f his long dealings, his honesty had con-
to be nailed to the board for everlasting
s. "A pair of silks? I am rejoiced to see
thy and excellent young friend finding his
to great society: an evening party, no
Counsellor Rippell's, next Friday, I dare
is a great amateur, and his daughters are
d vastly clever; rather slow in his pay-
between us, Mr. Franck....."
ver heard of the man's name before: but
a hurry, Mr. Benzheimer; let us come to

o, then, may be the worthy gentleman who
oured my good friend with his notice?"
matter who—let 's proceed."
secret, I presume; not between friends at
The prophet Ezekiel says, 'Empty thy
ito the lap of thy friend, and thou shalt
ifort.'"
d King Solomon has it, 'He that search-
the hidden thought of his neighbour, doth
'or trouble!'"
lon't mind trouble, my dear Mr. Franck,
is for your sake! Perhaps you are going
resented to His Royal Highness our most

gracious Sovereign ?—No ?—Well, that 's comical to be so close !—Not that I am curious ; but I feel an interest in whatever concerns my young Walbach hero ! Look ye, Mr. Franck, I would this instant cut you the stuff at half cost ; you shall have it for nothing—if you will but make a friend of your best friend. There, you want just two ells and three-quarters."

"Hold, Sir ! let 's agree about the terms, before you wield the scissars. You once or twice expressed a wish that I would attend your daughter in her music. Not being in cash at this time, I am ready to give my services in return for your goods."

" 'Tis a bargain, Mr. Franck ! My Esther will be delighted ; she has many a time spoken about it : she has such a wonderful taste for the music, she plays more notes in a minute than you would be able to count, if you looked ever so sharp, for all she has half a dozen or more rings on her fingers : she plays the *piano* that you might hear a fly walk ; and when she does the *fort*, 'tis as if you heard all the bells of the city close to your ears. To be sure I have spared no expense ; I paid the best price, a florin a lesson—a florin, Mr. Franck, besides presents ; and all her music-books are bound in red morocco, with gold titles. At this moment you 'll find her a little out of practice, having till lately been without a proper in-

ment. The one she had before, I sold to Ba-
Dohm, for his niece, who is the first player in
capital."

"For Miss Waldheim?"

"To be sure, Mr. Franck; when she heard my
Esther play, nothing would do for her but Esther's
grand piano! 'Aaron,' says the Baron, when he
sent for me, 'can you get my niece an instru-
ment like yours?'—'Why not, your Excellency?
but if your Excellency has a mind, I'll sell
you mine, and write for another.'—'I be-
lieve,' says the Baron, 'you would sell your
soul, Aaron, if there was a bidder for it!'—
'And so I would, if it was to serve your Excel-
lency!'—'Aaron,' says the Baron, 'you are a
sly rogue.'—Says I, 'May I never be a rogue in
a worse cause!'—That's the way, my good Mr.
Franck, to treat such great people when they are
your friends!—That's the way to keep them
your friends. A good fire wants stirring at times,
and fresh wood; and if you let it go too low, all
the puffing and blowing will not get it up again!
So I sent the Baron Esther's instrument that
same day, with the maker's account; and when he
sent me the amount, I went back with sixteen
louis in my pocket!—'What's that for, Aaron?'
—'Your Excellency paid ready cash; so did I,
and I got twenty per cent. discount, which, for
all I may be a Jew and a sly rogue, would trou-

ble my sleep, if I kept them in my house for one night. There might be a small matter of interest coming to me—ten florins and a half, as near as possible: but there is wear and tear of the instrument on the other side; and so we are quits, if your Excellency is satisfied!'—What do you think of my way of doing business, Mr. Franck, hey?"

"Upright, strictly honourable!"

"Honourable, my dear Sir, and profitable into the bargain! I did not lose by it, I promise you. In less than two months, three new squadrons were added to our *chevaux legers*. Having by me fifty or sixty pieces of blue cloth, which the Prussians left on my hands, I lost no time in waiting on my very good friend, Baron Dohm: he recommends me to the President of the War Department, which procures for me the contract for all the clothing. A fresh dip or two changes my blues into the most beautiful green; His Royal Highness the Grand Duke declares his men were never better dressed; and I put in my pocket four thousand and odd guilders clear profit, for all I had to treat every clerk in the War Department with a new suit by way of good-will.—You see, Mr. Franck, what good friends can do."

"The friendship of such a man as Baron Dohm, and of his lovely, his angelic niece....."

"Is like the manna in the desert—sweet and nourishing. He is every thing at court, and I am

every thing with the Baron; and as you are my friend, Mr. Franck, I 'll take the very first opportunity to speak a word in your favour. If you would but give up the music—there 's nothing to be done for a musician, and you 'll never be one, take my word for it—you are cut out for greater things. In less than six months I could get you a situation which would make you a great man in time—in a short time, I say. Bless me, Mr. Franck! such a face and figure as yours, if you know what you are about, must do the business with the ladies, and that 's half the battle in getting forward. I can assure you, you are much noticed here, without your knowing it, and I have been asked a good deal about you."

Mr. Benzheimer continued for some time longer in this oratorical vein of eulogy and prudent advice in worldly matters. Sincere and well-meant as I knew the latter to be, and flattering as the former proved to my stock of youthful vanity, I suffered him to proceed, until an opportunity presented itself for asking when I should commence my course of tuition with Miss Esther.

"Whenever you please, Mr. Franck; a good thing can never be set about too soon: that 's a rule of mine—a golden rule in business.—'What 's done to-day, need not be done to-morrow;' for time is a sad hand at dealing upon tick: nothing like the time present. So that, if it is perfectly

convenient, Esther is up stairs, and I can answ for her readiness to make a beginning this ve instant; but we must have a glass of Johann berger first, to soften and nourish the voice.

42.

THE BIRTHDAY ODE.

We found Miss Esther and her mother sedulously at work upon a frame of embroidered tapestry. The former, in rising to receive me, appeared more handsome and interesting than usual—all attention and politeness in her way. At any other time, 'the bump in the nape' would have been in his element; but it was manifest on the present occasion that the aforesaid protuberance is but a subordinate agent, dependent on the control of a nobler organ—the heart, which just then owned another tenant. I almost regretted, on seeing the beautiful, the anticipating daughter of Israel, that love, the selfish occupant in possession, should so completely have filled every space, as not to leave some standing-room at least for the lovely Oriental brunette. But no! love is *one* and indivisible, like the defunct French republic—not a subject for Joint Stock Companies or share-holders. Unity is its stern fundamental law; on more than one no human being can boast, if boast it were, to have placed his affections simultaneously. Even

ain Macheath, in the English drama, al-
h not particularly sentimental, could not
ly fancy Polly and Lucy at the same time.
bove remark is any thing but new; yet the
not the less strange and difficult of explana-
and, as I take it, shows a defect, an imper-
, in the human organization. We have
than one favourite dish; one man loves
ng and music with equal fervour; we may
ossess more than one bosom friend: but
perhaps from the *unity* of its bump, whilst
ther organs have two, at least,) is an egotist,
ocrat, a very tyrant in selfishness; and
re Miss Esther's black and scintillating
he pearly teeth behind their roseate chas-
ne jet lustre of her tresses, yea, the signifi-
and smiling archness of her Levantine coun-
e,—were but *ombres chinoises*, conveying
ng but transient impressions; a circumstance
to be candid, I at this moment remember
e regretted as much as the *bon vivant* be-
his inability to add the enjoyment of an un-
ed dainty to the numerous good things with
he has improvidently satiated his appetite.
sooner had Miss Benzheimer touched the
mplimentary chords, usually termed Pre-
than her papa made an apology for the
piano-forte; as his new instrument of rose-
which he had ordered from Vienna, and in

which the sharps were to be amber, and t
turals of mother of pearl, had not yet m
appearance. In the vocal specimen with
she now made her *debut*, innumerable
and other luxuriances of decoration, bespo
exuberance of nervous feeling and sensit
which forms a characteristic of the chil
Israel, who fancy nothing is well that is n
ter than good: but the *timbre* of Miss
voice, a mezzo soprano not unfrequent
nettes, possessed that mellow, deep-toned
the very reverse of feminine shrillness, wh
powerfully on the feelings, and exerts irr
fascination upon our sex. My praise was
and the delighted sire begged I would
"duvett" with his daughter. Our perf
moved him to tears; even old Mrs. Ben
dropped her needle and worsted upon the
raised her spectacles to give admission to
and not recent pocket-handkerchief, and e
ed, "Very fine!"

"Very fine! Salomeh," said Mr. Benzl
"superfine! and better than that, my dear
as if a nightingale sat on one branch, and
finch upon the other close by. They si
they had sung together all the days of t
They shall sing this duvett at the court
and I lay a hundred ducats His Royal H
the Grand Duke will call out *bravo!* and

re they get half through it. I say, Esther,
re is the song composed for your last birth-
?

That 's it," continued Mr. Benzheimer, on
g his daughter draw from a double wrapper
lver paper a slender volume bound in blue
" 'Tis a present from her former master,
Katzenberger, the organist of St. Ursula's,
knows how to throw at hams with sausages,
e saying is; for he had a superfine new
r in return, which stands me in fourteen
s prime cost—money enough, in conscience,
few black dots with tails to them. But it is
pretty, I must say; particularly where it says
enerous parent's just delight;' and that
re, my pretty little Essy, and always will be,
ure."

wever powerful the exertions of "my pretty
Essy" in chanting the praises of herself and
la famiglia, the sounds were lost upon me.
BIRTHDAY ODE!" said I to myself; "Ame-
irthday on Tuesday!!"—Charming thought!
e first gifts of the earth were dedicated to the
by the pious husbandman; to thee, my
nly Amelia, shall be devoted, in humble of-
, the first fruit of thy worshipper's Muse.
y and music! The task is arduous, but
ill inspire my pen : thy image, Amelia, will
y breast; I shall soar above the level of

common efforts, in greeting the day whic
life to the life of my soul!"

Amid these exalted musings, vastly abov
how was it possible to hear a note of the b
strains of Mr. Katzenberger, the organist
Ursula's? Some ideas, in fact, and so
too, of the projected Birthday Ode, began
to form themselves involuntarily in embryo
am afraid I left my good friend and
pupil in rather an abrupt and uncere
manner, in order to poetize *sans gène*, an
solitude, up stairs in my sloping garret
Bauer's, in spite of its chilling tempera
which the poetic fire and fervour within
my outward man very indifferent and inse

Although in this ecstatic trim, and rep
a mass of elevated, nay, sublime though
densed into a state of high pressure b
upon explosion, the sluggish pen, to m
astonishment, gave birth to nothing but a
Not an entire line had come forth, when
shrill and unpoetic voice called me to
Knife and fork moved in vain, in cadenc
sure, upon the pewter plate, like the
upon the anvil of Pythagoras. Monosyll
preposterous were the answers Mr. a
Bauer received to their ill-timed question
tantalizing! thought I to myself: so mu
in—a store so rich, so pregnant—and yet

coming forth! It was only in the still solitude of my pillow, that the mental floodgates seemed to open, to give vent to the chaotic fermenting mass of poetic atoms. Stanza after stanza now kindly and briskly ranged itself, like platoons on a parade; no mnemonic expedient was neglected to secure their recollection, as there was no light whereby to commit them to paper; and the *carmen natale* must have approached its completion, when sleep came to put an end, not to the inspiration—for that worked on marvellously in the flimsy realm of unembodied existence—but to the conscious and controllable operations of my reasoning powers. I dreamed——Nay, gentle reader, that dream, delightful as it was, and delightful as it would be to read, thou must dispense with, the publisher not having room for it. I dreamed, and I awoke with the powerful octave-treble of Bärbel again in my ears, announcing breakfast; when my first thought was to pass in review the effective force of the poetical platoons which not eight hours ago had manœuvred with such skill and precision. Alas! like the gaudy French battalions marshalled on the morning of the conflict of Rosbach, and scattered before sun-set by the Prussian eagle, aided of course by the exterminating Hussar sabre of my friend and patron the gallant Baron Wolditz, whose *queue*, as the reader is already informed, paid the forfeit of its owner's

temerity — like those hostile bodies, driven
flight, so were my new poetical levies, while
so fair and compact, dispersed and scattered i
air in the space of one short night. Like
broken tumbrils, dismounted cannon, hats, h
mets, and havresacks, a "tender flame," a "h
rowed soul," or a "blissful hour," might
picked up here and there—wrecks unfit for s
vice, incapable of being embodied again. T
poem was lost to the world, and I lost in despa

43.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

My downcast looks and broken spirits at bre
fast naturally led to a conversation on the subj
of my attachment to Miss Waldheim; Mr. Ba
being on the side of the yeas, and his spouse ma
taining the negative. In any other connu
establishment, this diversity of opinion might h
led to serious verbal conflict; but Mrs. Baue
I beg the reader will believe it—possessed an i
timable quality, a heavenly gift, the more
cious as it is uncommon;—Mrs. Bauer never c
tradicted her husband, when she saw his m
made up on a question; she left him to his
way of thinking, and merely acted according
hers—thereby avoiding a world of controversies

table *before* any measure, as they are use-
d unavailing *after* the thing is done.
er these circumstances, the conversation, in-
f assuming the legitimate form of a duet—
t was a mere *tacet*, as may be supposed—
to be next to a solo; in which Mr. Bauer
d a number of bravura passages of argu-
ive eloquence *nem. con.* unrelieved by any
ntil he arrived at a full cadence, when he
tly and strikingly wound up his theme in
y in which he had set out, took hat and
nd went to the rehearsal.
ooner had Mr. Bauer made his exit, than
auer, who had listened in demure silence to
, but whose motto was any thing but *silen-
t approbatio*, felt an urgent want of indem-
herself for her previous taciturnity, by a
l comprehensive review of the hopelessness
e obviously sinister consequences of my
dged" attachment to Amelia;—as if judg-
had any thing to do in love affairs! If it
hat would become of the human race, but
erging series with a proper fraction for its

Bauer had already said a great deal on
bject; infinitely more, indeed, than what was
nt, or can be necessary for the reader's in-
ion. But that was no reason why the good

lady should not say as much more, even if it were the same things over and over again. Ladies seldom think they have said enough; and even when they think so, and have concluded, farther ebullient supplements are put in, by way of overweight, somewhat like the few straggling random shots heard after a simultaneous discharge of musketry, which *ex post facto* pops are not without their effect. The stronger sex endeavours to convince and persuade by pointed and forcible reasoning; while the fairer portion of the creation, although wielding weapons of less powerful quality, seldom fails to attain its object by the quantity and number of its minor missiles, and by a constant repetition of discharges—a fire well kept up, as the military phrase is. A great bullet doth great execution, so it hit the mark, which is a great chance; but that same ounce of lead, fired off in small shot, if it do not deal out absolute destruction, seldom fails of winging or otherwise disabling its object.

This autobiographical sketch not being of the feminine gender, the author feels warranted in suppressing Mrs. Bauer's *da capos*. But amidst the *thèmes variés*, new motives, vastly heterodox, were introduced to enforce conviction.

"You are young, Ferdinand," said she; "there is abundance of time yet to think of attachments; and when the proper period arrives, a face and

e like yours—don't be vain—will find no difty in commanding a choice. The capital ns with pretty lasses."

'All the world contains but one Amelia!"

"And all the world contains not another elbow-air precisely like that you now occupy; but here are thousands and thousands in which you may rest your bones quite as comfortably. What is the difference in female charms? The difference between one leaf and the other on the same tree; the difference of dozens of blues in a tailor's pattern-card—one a shade lighter, the other deeper, a little bloom more or less, that 's all; a little wear, and the bloom will be gone, and the blues will be the same. Look at that picture over the piano, and look at its original. It is not ten years ago since I sat for it."

"The comparison is singularly unfortunate for the purpose intended."

"We take, we take, Mr. Tempter; perhaps I may have stood tolerably that particular period. But let 's add another ten, and another. Nay, to steer clear of your courteousness, allow me to introduce you to—Miss Waldheim, or whatever her name may be forty years hence. Have you the courage to look into the magic mirror of futurity? Behold, then, the fat and portly double-chinned dame, tottering forth breathless upon doric but misgiving pedestals, with alien ringlets ill conceal-

ing the gray stubble; alien optics ill aiding the dwindled, sunken, and lifeless eye; a reedy voice, stumbling over dental chasms like the wind howling through the ruinous pinnacles of a mouldering tower. Behold ....."

"No more, Mrs. Bauer, I beseech you!—stay your pencil dipt in gall."

"Dipt in truth, in Nature's own colours. Some years more or less make a sad havoc of equality among us; the difference, then, between the toasted beauty and ill-favoured old maid is not worth mentioning, and often even in favour of the latter."

"Mrs. Bauer, it seems, measures the worth of her sex by the standard of physical attractions; the mind, of course, goes for nothing."

"The mind, Ferdinand? It shall go for what it will fetch, by all means; but, unfortunately, it follows so closely the example of its more substantial travelling companion, that if the commodity be long on hand we shall make quite as sorry a bargain of it. The spirited, the intellectual, the genial divinity you adore—shall we steal a march upon time, and give her a call forty years hence?—Gone to chapel in a sedan—call again—a lecture upon the frivolity of the present generation of mundane pursuits in general, by way of prelude; after which our good old lady enters into particulars, a *catalogue raisonné*, of the fad

s of her friends and acquaintances, bitter com-
ints of the treatment from her nearest rela-
ns, and their wanton wastefulness. A new
ry, told hundreds of times before, occasionally
ies the entertaining converse. Her memory is
ne; and she misnames all recent acquaintances,
d blunders in all dates: but she recollects and
es you a particular account of last night's most
gular and awful dream—a pointed warning to-
rds regeneration and a new life, as expounded
her by a saintly brother, whom alone, and the
lful physician that humours and quacks her
aginary disorders, she excepts from the univer-
l anathema against her fellow-beings. All im-
se upon and cheat the good old lady; nothing
t her strict parsimoniousness keeps ruin from
r threshold;—she saves every old cork; the seal
every letter contributes its mite to a second-
nd stick of wax; the bones of every picked
cken are carefully preserved for next day's
th; the wine to be given to a friend....."

"Enough, enough, my dear Mrs. Bauer, to
lay your talent for humour and caricature, but
little to sever my heart from Amelia: if we
h live to an age of such infirmity, time will
e trained us to bear each other's failings. Be-
s, your argument would go to dissuade from
lock altogether."

"By no means. All I wish to prove is, the

folly of your persisting in a choice which will render you miserable, and that the difference between your adorable Amelia and a hundred others more likely to render you happy is not worth the sacrifice of your future prospects and welfare."

The above fragment of Mrs. Bauer's rhetorical efforts on the present occasion will probably be sufficient for the reader's edification. She meant well, and her exertions "to save me from ruin" were strenuous and unceasing. But love is not to be argued out of love. The flame burnt the fiercer for the blast which was meant for its extinction.

My *carmen natale*, however, with all these discussions, and the consequent distractions of my poetical brain, made little or no advances; and I had nearly given up in despair the idea of all farther poetizing, when, as I stood after dinner at Mrs. Bauer's window, the carriage of Baron Dohm passed by, with Amelia and her uncle in the back seat. She espied me, and with a smiling look of what I construed into angelic kindness waved her hand.

"The ode! the ode!" said I to myself in ecstatic rapture; "the ode, now or never!" The poetic spark seemed in intense ignition—the poem itself might be said to be in embryo existence; it wanted but the obstetric aid of a goose-quill. But there was a something in the house of Mrs. Bauer

ch seemed to mar and bewilder all my
ghts. I had read of Homer, or some other
ek poet, inditing his verses on the lonely
a near the sea-shore. Solitude, I was sure,
ld equally befriend me on so sacred an occa-
. No sooner, therefore, had I completed a
ical copy Mr. Bauer had desired to be written
for him, than I sallied forth through the city-
, through fields and meadows, over paths I
er trod before, poetizing all the way into an
a pocket-book, as fast as the dear numbers
ld flow.

he stream of Hippocrene, however, ran but
gishly and scantily; a goodly line occasionally
ied up, but its rhyming companion kept out
ight. *Vivâ voce* declamation was summoned
id, and impressive gesticulation, with the red
occo in one hand and the blunted pencil in the
r; all which did fair service.

"All Nature hail'd the blissful hour."

"And two-pence fell the peck of flour,"

l out lustily in my rear an impertinent for-
d rogue of a big boy, from among some six or
t of his kidney, who, instead of botanizing,
probably followed my steps for some time,
who, with schoolboy impudence, now set up
neral horse-laugh. In the imprudent attempt

to chastise the culprit, I found myself ass
uncleanly lumps of earth from all sides;
Lilliputian host were gaining fast upon th
weaponed victim, when another detachme
tunately under the control of their superio
ed the scene. Professor Werner, to whom
not unknown, making all due apology
rudeness of his disciples, exacted a proper
of bones from the transgressors, and v
manely bore a hand in reducing my garme
skin to their pristine hues. My tablets, to
happily recovered in a puddle—and these
Mr. Werner occasion to laud my zeal in sa
at the Pierian shrine, he offered his service
storing the readings of the dripping man
Out of evil comes good. The Professor, w
for years enriched the Dresden Almanack
the sweetest bits of poetry, sentimental, an
tic, and epigrammatic, was perfectly *au fai*
main roads and side-paths of Parnassus. T
ruly peurile crew were sternly ordered to c
its botanizations under the superintendence
tutor, while Mr. Werner and I sat dow
sunny bank to retrieve, rejoin, and reto
Natal Ode, which he was pleased to pronc
perfectly genial effort, requiring little or n
his hands. The task, therefore, was soo
pleted; and, as lovers are most discreet

Virginia, instead of *Amelia*, was made the divinity of the song, to keep the Professor in decorous darkness.

44.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

RICH in my poetic treasure, I reached Mrs. Bauer's in buoyant spirits. With the exception of Bärbel, the old sibyl, no one was at home to interrupt my farther offerings to the Muses; for the ode was now to be set to music. Being a much better musician than a poet, the composition went its fair train. In fact, there was a superabundance of melodic ideas, all which I would fain have introduced at once. A choice, however, became necessary; and, after sacrificing about half-a-dozen sheets, the ultimate selection, although much under the *beau idéal* of my exalted demands, seemed upon the whole to be not unworthy of its author or its object.

Mrs. Bauer, who arrived when the copy was nearly completed, and saw me intensely riveted to my task, amidst sheets on the table and sheets on the floor, asked some questions; the answer to which was, that I had tried to set to music some lines of Goethe's which had struck my fancy, and, as she sang at sight, I requested she would try

the air while I played the accompaniment: she consented, gave the paper a short perusal, and began.

The taste and expression which Mrs. Bauer threw into every sentence and passage, filled my heart with delight. But what was my astonishment, when at the line "Ye angels smile, Virginia lives," she sang, with an arch significance,

"Ye angels smile, *Amelia* lives!"

"Amelia!" I exclaimed.

"Amelia, to be sure; and why should the poor thing not live, for all she makes killing work of you? Ah, Master Ferdinand, the bird was too old to be caught in a paper trap, whatever the trap may do elsewhere. So, then, this is to be the master-bait, to hook the philosophic damsel on? well done, Mr. Irresistible! who would have suspected such scheming under a face of such innocent simplicity? Music and Poetry! What heart can withstand such two-edged weapons? and a philosophic heart too! it will be pierced through and through, that's certain. And pray who rode Pegasus for you? who poetized?"

"With some trifling help, I dared to mount myself."

"Ay, got up behind; and cantered, I must say, in fine style. The verses are pretty, and the music is quite charming. But 'tis all labour in

ɾ good Ferdinand. The fish will *not* bite,
word for it; not so much as a nibble."
ese words the sound of Mr. Bauer's voice
rd at the street-door, humming gaily *Son'*
di buon cuore, followed by a lusty peal of
ıe-bell. "He has won at the casino, what
ay, Ferdinand?" said Mrs. Bauer: "we 'll
little fun; leave me to manage." The
ɔuse had by this time mounted the stairs
le quick time, amidst a *da capo* of *Son' con-*
buon cuore, accompanied by a jingling of
ful coins of the Grand Duchy, partaking,
re, of the joy of their new owner. Instead
ıngle of 45°, through which on losing
s Mr. Bauer contrived to slink into his
he door of the room opened vigorously be-
uadrant, and a beaming countenance of
contentment presented itself, and bade us
le good evening. Mrs. Bauer, as in duty
offered congratulations on the anticipated
k.

ıtty well for once in a way, my jewel.
lorins thirty or so," said the happy com-
f trumps; "and with no great things of
ther. But whist is a matter of calculation,
ı as a canon in music, and he that has
work it must carry the day. Cards in the
ın will find their level. The old Forest-
lor had six and seven trumps at a time;

and his pelf, for all that, found its way into my pocket. It does one's heart good to win such a miser's money.—You should have seen his woe-begone face, when he had to pay two bumpers running, just for all the world as if he had a black dose to swallow. It shall go towards a pair of bracelets for you, my dear. But how comes it, my darling, we are so late with the cloth? I have brought a good appetite home, I can assure you; something nice, I hope?"

"We quite forgot the time; Ferdinand and I were trying a song he copied for me this afternoon."

"What song, my angel? let's see."

"From a new opera of Winter's—*Paul and Virginia*. Here it is."

"*Paul and Virginia?* That's curious enough; never heard a word of it till now. Why, he brought out his *Fratelli* not three months ago. I hope he is not writing against time."

"It don't seem so from this specimen, which is really very charming, as far as I am a judge."

"And a very excellent judge you are, my angel: you foretold my *Vieni, vieni, oh bel tesoro*, would excite raptures; and it was encored twice the very first time, and is so every night the opera is played. To be sure, that excellent creature, Palotti, sings it divinely."

amore, we know; she is a favourite of
l the world says."
ıusical matters, my dear, that 's all. . . .
ss this, I dare say; come, let 's hear it,
irbel lays the cloth. She is vastly slow
ɔtions."
ıuer himself now took the piano-forte.
rienced eye seizing at a glance the weft
t of whole lines, the approved accompa-
he devised gave me a still higher opinion
ɔour: every now and then he encouraged
uer's exertions with a nodding *Brava!*
ınd at the close of the piece he agreed in
s opinion of its merits. " 'Tis impos-
id he, " to mistake Winter's style; there
:ain simple unaffected chasteness in his
ich makes its way to the heart. But I
what you please this piano-forte extract
his own making; he knows better than
thirds in this way.—That 's the worst
works; let us be ever so careful in the
me clumsy arranger will murder our
sages, and then the fault is laid at our

lauer. " In the present case, I can assure
uthor himself has made the arrangement."
auer. " Don't be so positive, my good girl:
been told so, I dare say; and you . . . ."

Mrs. Bauer. "My information is from the au thor himself, who at this moment is within our walls."

Mr. Bauer. "What? what?—Winter in this town, and not give me a call? An old friend, a fellow-student?—Oh, you are joking, my dear!—Where did you see him? where does he live?"

Mrs. Bauer. "The author lives—if a being over head and ears in love can be said to live—he lives at this moment in yon corner, demurely enjoying this innocent stratagem. Allow me to introduce Winter the Second, Mr. Ferdinand Franck, who ....."

Mr. Bauer. "What, Fer—Ferdinand? No, no! the joke may be a very good one, my dear; but it won't take. Believe me, I would willingly give a hundred ducats, poor as we are, if Ferdinand could set such an air as this!"

Mrs. Bauer. "Hand over the money, Bauer—out with it! Is it your doing or not, Ferdinand? speak for yourself!" *(I nodded assent.)* "How dull some clever people are: don't you take yet Bauer? A birthday effusion, that 's all: for *Virginia*, read AMELIA! The first fruits of our amatory Genius, reared in the hotbed of love!"

At these words, the excellent man stood for an instant motionless, looking at me with tears of delight in his eyes; then rushing upon me with enthusiastic fervour, he nearly strangled me

l embraces. He was overcome; his over-
heart stifled the words on his lips for
me: at last he exclaimed, "This—this is
piest day of my existence! What, Ferdi-
ny brave boy! Thou art my son, my se-
f! I thought I had but just sown, and a
d blessed harvest already rewards my la-
My labour?—No, Ferdinand; it is the
Providence! the divine spark lay within
; we knew each other; let mine be the
have brought it to light!"

Bauer. "Say, rather, to have nursed and
it. Miss Waldheim, I fancy, set fire to
bustible."

Bauer. "So much the better; she, too, is
l. They are made for each other; and what
hath joined, man shall not sever!—But
ken is getting cold, my dear! We can eat
t too; ay, and drink the health of Winter
nd, as you justly called him. You, Bärbel,
r to the White Swan, and tell them to
a bottle of their very best Champaign:
ay never to be forgotten; not to be cele-
n table-swipes! Champaign is the divine
; for the occasion. The old Forest-Coun-
money will just pay the treat."

Bauer, (aside.) "Adieu, bracelets!"

Bauer, although compounded of sensitive
ls, possessed a sufficiency of sensual ingre-

dients, not to let the former get the better of
epicurean likings of his earthly nature. On
contrary, any powerful emotion from his
feelings, when it had subsided a little—and
transition at all times was easy and speedy-
ways served to stimulate his appetite. On t
occasions, as on the present, we made it a poin
limit our own cravings, so as to indulge his la
demands. He thus contrived, amidst inces
talk, to dispatch chicken, salad, omelets, and st
ed prunes, without much participation on
part, taking care to aid deglutition by repe
libations of common Hock; all which greatly
sisted the fluency of his converse, even before
arrival of the divine juice from the White Sw
the cork of which, scientifically humoured by
experienced dexterity, flew with a cheering re
to the ceiling.

"Heavenly music!" cried the elated bard
"It is as if a whole orchestra struck *fortiss*
one grand chord with one simultaneous cra
followed by an effervescence of rapid passage
thousands of demisemiquavers! How they bul
and bustle, the pearly gems! Here's to the n
born darling of the Muses—*Vivat, floreat in sæc
sæculorum*, for ever and ever!

"Viva il buon vivo!
Vivan' le femmine!

uluting Mrs. Bauer, who muttered, sotto voce, What for?")

"The Turks they are simpletons, not to drink wine;
The blockheads had better their Koran resign.

"Nectar! absolute nectar!" exclaimed Mr. Bauer, after emptying the fourth glass: "a truly mental liquor, capable of warming the heart and soul, and rousing genial energies in the mind.—If I could afford it, Champaign should be my breakfast, dinner, and supper: nay, let me tell you, my dear, if his Serene Highness our most gracious Sovereign were to allow two or three dozen for every opera he orders, you should see what Bauer could do!"

Mrs. Bauer. "I should be happy to see it."

On the present occasion, however, the mental luminary of the inspired bard had already passed the culmination of its orbit. Ideas still crowded upon him, and incessantly employed his voluble tongue; but his discourse was remarkable rather for quantity than quality. He would now absolutely correct my music: but he dipped the pen into the Champaign instead of the ink; and a moment or two afterwards upset the glass right over my unfortunate manuscript, which he had the presence of mind instantly to snatch up and form into a gutter, to convey what could be saved to his parched organ of deglutition.

piano-forte, considerable errors in the adj
of his centre of gravity were obvious; a
length cheerfully resigned the disposal
radical limbs to the care of his affectionate
We conducted him to his dormitory a
talking, and singing, and laughing alte
until the closing of his visual blinds pr
a cessation from all mental communion w
terior objects.

45.

LOVE IN CHAINS.

Mr. Bauer having on the following da
a few alterations, chiefly as to accompanim
my music to the Birthday Ode, it rema
me to give it an elegant graphical exter
able to the occasion. My penmanship wa
first order, and I had made considerable
in drawing. Another of the fine arts
fore thought might advantageously co-op

ts, and heart's-ease, here and there embowering le medallions of cooing and wooing doves, rts in pairs, either emitting ethereal flames, spitted cross-wise by neat little darts, fierce s mounted by gentle diminutive Cupids, &c.; t there were moreover two large vignettes, agorical of the power of music. One, by way f frontispiece, represented Orpheus, a celebrated le performer of antiquity, giving a benefit con-rt in a Thracian forest to a numerous audience f all sorts; for the three kingdoms of Nature, imal, vegetable, and mineral, came to hear the vine songster. You might see the Thracian shepherds and clowns lolling at their ease on the green turf; behind them stood a world of quadruped and biped connoisseurs, lions, bears, and panthers, ducks, geese, and musical swans; the trees formed upper boxes for the feathered race, themselves nodding their branches and foli-ge in token of applause; and the very stones bending forward, or leaping out of the parent rock, to witness the virtuoso's skill. At the end of the music, and just above the written text, Arion was introduced, bestriding a dolphin; and another vignette at the bottom represented Am-phion, a harp professor and builder, communica-ting the musico-mania to stones, brick and mortar, in order to form the walls of Thebes. There you might behold huge fragments of rock, every one

inscribed "Amelia," spontaneously raising and ranging themselves into compact layers of Cyclopian structure.

The whole being deemed fair and pleasant to look at, nothing remained but to clothe the MS. in crimson *gros de Naples*, and to print on the outside, in letters of gold,

THE NATAL DAY;
written, composed, and designed
by
FERDINAND FRANCK,
in commemoration of the auspicious hour
which gave birth
to the Pride of her Sex,
AMELIA WALDHEIM.

The glorious day began to dawn through the blue checkered curtains of my garret-window, and I heard and counted the tardy but lengthened sounds of the deep cathedral clock striking six. It was as if the blows spelt the dear name of *Amelia.* Although no care was wanting in the arrangement of my dress, and the general decoration of my *personnel*, yet it seemed as if the hours of this happy day, wishing to partake of its joy, were reluctant to depart. Mrs. Bauer, too, from well meant reasons of decorum, delayed my setting out, and it was not till ten that I sallied through narrow by-lanes lessening the distance, with t

ng of my genius under my arm, towards
ı Dohm's.

ill luck would have it, before reaching the
ırn, I met Mr. Aaron Benzheimer in a sort
ni-gala; and learnt, without so much as a
on on my part—great as was my haste—
he had been to offer to Miss Waldheim his
atulations on her birthday; "For," said he,
the fiddle is to go, you must rosin well the
as the saying is, Mr. Franck: the Baron,
ıave told you, is my great friend; and his
I can assure you, is every thing with him—
ıats upon her. Opportunities of this kind
ıdent man will let slip."

ıether on this particular day my youthful
was incapable of any concealment, or whe-
t was owing to the haste I was in, and the
of an earlier release from Mr. Benzheimer,
ınswered his questions without evasion, his
ıble curiosity and wonderful dexterity of
ning other people's affairs triumphed this
He learnt the purport of my errand; and
ıst men measure the actions of others by
own ethical standard, so did Mr. Benzheimer
vith interpret my offering, with the nature
ich he was as yet unacquainted, as intended
ıcure, through Amelia's interference, some
thing from the powerful influence of her

uncle. He commended my prudence, took it for granted I meant to resign my musical studies as soon as some more respectable career presented itself, and, sincere as he was in his friendship towards me, assured me that he would himself put in a good word for me with the Baron, as he had already done this very morning with Miss Waldheim.

"And pray, Mr. Benzheimer, how came you to do so?"

"No offence, I hope, my young friend, to speak well of those one has a regard for. How I came to do so?—When I am with Miss Waldheim, you must know, Mr. Franck, we chat for hours—we talk of a thousand things—she asks me the news."

"She knows her man."

"To be sure she does, and I know mine. As she is very fond of music, I always make it a point to introduce the subject: if you talk to people about their hobbies, you are sure to knock at the right door. And so you see, Mr. Franck, talking of music, I asked Miss Waldheim whether she had heard of the young musical genius we had in our residence.—'What genius?' says she. 'Mr. Franck,' says I, 'the young man that is with Mr. Bauer.'"

"And what did Miss Waldheim say?"

"Oh, she said she had heard you play wonderfully

the other day, when you came to tune the
o-forte.—That 's the instrument I sold to the
m."

Is that all she said?"

She asked how I came to know you, and I
her how we first met in the snow-storm; and
ld her, my noble friend, how you pommelled
two students at Walbach, because they scoffed
ty persuasion—and bless you for it all the days
our life, my young hero!—She made me tell
the whole business; and when I had done she
, 'He must be a generous youth: what cou-
!'—'Courage, Madam!' says I; 'gentle as he
ars when his fingers travel over the keys, Mr.
ck is a lion when he fights in a good cause!'
o you see, my young friend, I have already
ed your way at the Baron's, and your present
come quite *à propos*. And pray, may I ask
t present you intend to offer?"

'Some verses, set to music, in celebration of
e Waldheim's birthday."

'Verses! Mr. Franck? Verses! They are
tty, no doubt, and clever, I dare say. But
t are verses? Paper kites—pure paper kites;
l once in a way, and then laid by and forgotten.
uld get dozens of them made to order for the
tter of a six-bätzner,* if I did not often buy

* A German coin, worth about eight-pence.

man was pressed for cash, I got it for little more than half its value. It cost me one hundred and eighty guilders, and you shall have it for the same money, making good nine months' regular interest.'—Well, Mr. Franck, I took the chain on these hard terms—for I knew it was not worth a hundred guilders—and went with it to Mrs. Benzheimer, who, as usual, looked as dismal and black as a playhouse when the doors are opened. But no sooner did the word *present* escape my lips, than it was as if all the stage-lamps made their cheering appearance before the curtain; and when I took the chain and hung it round her plump little neck, and ventured another salute, instead of a box on the ear it was value for value, with cent. per cent. interest to boot, I can assure you. To make short of it, the chain settled the business; in a week's time the Rabbi broke the glass goblet over us, and chained us for life. Therefore I say, Mr. Franck, you must not go empty-handed before Miss Waldheim. Take your verses by all means, as you have taken such pains with them; but take her this ring at the same time. 'Tis not of great value; she knows you cannot afford *solitaires*. I will not deal by you as my uncle Levy did by me —Heaven save his poor soul! You shall pay me twenty guilders for it whenever you can spare them. Take it to any jeweller; and if he says it is

ng another tack: maybe, says I to myself, you re too modest, too backward; some ladies have a aversion for bashful young men. I behaved more warmly—I tried a salute, and got a sound box on the ear to cool my ardour. I was quite in despair, as you may suppose; for Mrs. Benzheimer, I knew, had between thirteen and fourteen hundred florins a-year settled upon her by her poor father. 'What 's the matter, Aaron?' said my old uncle Levy, one day when he saw me in this melancholy way: and I told him all my grief. 'Have you made her a present, Aaron?' was the first question he asked me. 'A present, uncle!' says I; 'how should I make a present without stealing it first? for I am poor and in debt, as you know; not having paid you as yet for the second-hand coat now on my back.'—'I really feel for you, my good Aaron,' said my uncle Levy; 'and think it a pity you should lose a bargain for want of a little help on my part. I 'll lend you the money, my good fellow: 'tis a great risk, to be sure; but you are my nephew, and if it brings you luck you can well afford a good interest—I shall ask no more than twenty per cent. Nay, I will do more, Aaron; I 'll sell you the present itself. You can't give her a more charming thing than this superb old chain. I had it a bargain: it weighs good eight loth twelve grain, and three hundred guilders was the price demanded; but as I knew the

man was pressed for cash, I got it for little more than half its value. It cost me one hundred and eighty guilders, and you shall have it for the same money, making good nine months' regular interest.'—Well, Mr. Franck, I took the chain on these hard terms—for I knew it was not worth a hundred guilders—and went with it to Mrs. Benzheimer, who, as usual, looked as dismal and black as a playhouse when the doors are opened. But no sooner did the word *present* escape my lips, than it was as if all the stage-lamps made their cheering appearance before the curtain; and when I took the chain and hung it round her plump little neck, and ventured another salute, instead of a box on the ear it was value for value, with cent. per cent. interest to boot, I can assure you. To make short of it, the chain settled the business; in a week's time the Rabbi broke the glass goblet over us, and chained us for life. Therefore I say, Mr. Franck, you must not go empty-handed before Miss Waldheim. Take your verses by all means, as you have taken such pains with them; but take her this ring at the same time. 'Tis not of great value; she knows you cannot afford *solitaires*. I will not deal by you as my uncle Levy did by me —Heaven save his poor soul! You shall pay me twenty guilders for it whenever you can spare them. Take it to any jeweller; and if he says it is

ot worth that money between brothers, you shall ave it for nothing. Can I speak more fairly?"

My patience having long been exhausted with he endless prattle of my Hebrew friend, I thank-d him for his well-meant offer, and left him in aste.

"You shall have it for nothing; I will make ou a present of it," cried he, hurrying after me, 'if you will but give it her:" but my nimble legs oon outstripped his corpulent pursuit.

46.

A JEW WEDDING.

MATTERS of minor consideration ought never to nterrupt or retard for an instant a more import-nt pursuit. Owing to my giving ear to Mr. Benzheimer's gossip, I found, on reaching Baron Dohm's, that Amelia was engaged with another isitor, whose departure the servant requested me o await. At last the happy, the anxious moment rrived—I was ushered in—the cheering words, I'm not at home," which Amelia spoke to the tiring servant, dispelled all previous awkward-ess and embarrassment, and I presented my of-ring with a good grace and becoming ardour.

The gift was received with apparent kindness; eat praises were lavished on my labour, and gra-

cious thanks returned for this "valuable token of my attention." What more could I expect? and yet there was, not a coolness, but a studied civility, in Amelia's expressions, which I thought differed widely from her frank and ingenuous conduct on previous occasions. A lover is too sensitive a being not to perceive the slightest variation in the aspect of his idol, as readily as the valetudinarian feels the most trifling change in the temperature of the atmosphere.

"These lines," said Amelia, "would be beautiful, if they were addressed to one that possessed all these perfections. To be sure, poetry deals in fiction, and your poet has made good use of the privilege."

"The poet, Miss Amelia, has but faintly expressed what he felt—what his heart dictated."

"Oh! I understand, Mr. Franck; it is an adaptation—an old song to a new tune. *Mutato nomine*, as my Latin master used to say: of the tune you are the author, of course?"

"And of the *old* song, as Miss Waldheim is pleased to call it, no less."

"What! you a poet, Mr. Franck?"

"If my feeble effort could lay claim to such a name, it would be to the object alone which inspired my pen that I should owe my success."

"And these elegant embellishments—to whose classic pencil am I indebted for them?"

Hasty sketches of mine, which, under less
ure of time....."

Impossible, Mr. Franck; a second Rubens or
ator Rosa, prepared to ask the idol of his heart
ther she fancied a painter, poet, or composer.
s garland, above all, is infinitely tasteful. But
w me to ask, what is the meaning of all these
tty little hearts? Let's see; two, four, six,
lve: just a round dozen, without including
se killed, or sufficiently transfixed to be *hors de*
bat. They are *trophies*, I presume; classic, in-
d, but somewhat polygamic, I must confess."

"All fac-similes of each other, repetitions of the
ne endearing object."

"*Credat* JUDÆUS!! The commentary, at all
ents, is ingenious. But I am really ungenerous
applying these minute criticisms to a work in
hich such rare gifts have been exerted for my
ke. I cannot but feel proud in having given em-
oyment to a combination of talents which already
rm the admiration of our capital."

"And which, may I be allowed to add, seem to
ford scope for the display of a talent to which I
d hoped Miss Waldheim was a stranger."

"I am by no means in jest, Mr. Franck; your
aises have sounded betwixt these very walls not
ı hour ago."

"I understand, Miss Waldheim; that gab-
ing Jew, Mr. Benzheimer, whom I met com-
g from hence, has, in his officiousness, stunned

your ears with nonsense. An excellent authority, forsooth! Praises from such a quarter....."

"Now don't be ungrateful, Mr. Franck. The good man related your deeds of prowess with tears in his eyes. The testimony of an eye-witness, surely, is good evidence; and, as to your musical abilities, his authority is scarcely of less weight. 'The tree,' *(imitating Mr. Benzheimer's voice)* 'the tree, Madam, is known by its fruit. No more than three lessons, and what a wonderful change! You should hear him sing a duet with my Essy: it is as if a bullfinch,'—mind, a bullfinch, Mr. Franck—'it is as if a bullfinch sat upon one branch, and a nightingale upon the other. That old rogue, Mr. Katzenberger, just picked my pocket with his lessons. Essy hated him, whereas Mr. Franck does every thing to make his instruction agreeable, and makes it a point to stay overtime; so no wonder she is partial to him: and I shrewdly suspect the liking is mu.....'"

"The fool!—the knave! I should say. And can Miss Waldheim....."

"Fie, Mr. Franck, to revile your best friend—'the liking is mutual; and such is my regard for this excellent young man, that if he could submit to become of our persuasion.....'"

"Enough! more than enough, Miss Waldheim! the villain has been hired by Major Dornhoff, to instil poison, to ruin me in your estimation. Like

plea, his ancestor, he has sold his friend for thirty shekels. But his life shall pay the forfeit of his treachery."

I seized my hat, and was hurrying from Amelia's presence, to inflict summary punishment on the miscreant.

"Hold!" exclaimed Amelia with some agitation, placing herself in my way: "verses, if you please, but no bloodshed in my cause: you shall not stir until your inflammable temper has calmed itself."

"Calmed itself, Amelia? when my ruin is plotted, when all my hopes are blasted!" *(sinking on the sofa)*. "Spare your tender mercies; they may be wanted for the author of this villany. The insidious coward had not the heart to meet his rival manfully; but though his ancestors fought in the Crusades, and mine were humble, he shall find, to his cost, that there is blood in my veins, and a Power on high to avenge insulted honour and injured innocence. I am guiltless, Miss Waldheim; but if such base fabrications find welcome entrance, I am an error the poorer I confess, and I owe my disappointment, my wretchedness, to the dissipation of a fond belief in unalloyed, perhaps ideal, perfection. My heart sinks within me; allow me to depart, Miss Waldheim. Farewell for ever, ever farewell!"

"If my wish to detain you, Mr. Franck, until

sober reason resumes its sway, is to be of no sw
be it so. I have no right over your actions, ho
ever I might wish that we parted friends, on th
day above all."

"Friends! Miss Waldheim: my last breath wi
invoke Heaven's blessing on you."

"Notwithstanding that the alloy of my impe
fection allows welcome entrance to base fabri
tions; notwithstanding that you are going to fl
my supposed adorer, and dispatch the innocent Je
for his idle prattle? Come, Mr. Franck, let's be
little rational and candid. For your assiduities
Miss Benzheimer....."

"My assiduities! gracious Heavens....."

"Well, for your alleged assiduities to Miss B
ther, or to any other of my sex, I can have
right or title to call you to an account; though
may feel a certain degree of curiosity in the so
tion of a question otherwise of no moment. A
matter of mere fact, therefore, tell me candid
Mr. Franck, how stands the case?"

It may be supposed that the most solemn p
testations in the power of language were resor
to, for the purpose of refuting Mr. Benzheim
silly and unfounded boastings of the impres
his daughter had made on my heart, as well a
disclaiming, on my word of honour, any knowle
of an inclination on her part; and, in proof of
veracity, I intreated Miss Waldheim to send

her instantly, to convict him of falsehood in
esence. This request was as instantly de-
: indeed, perturbed as was the state of my
s, I saw with delight, from the brightening
nance of Amelia, that ready and willing cre-
was given to my assertion. Her spirits re-
. their exhilarating playful buoyancy; she
d immoderately at Mr. Benzheimer's no-
f my apostacy in favour of the Synagogue
e sake of Miss Esther.

Vorth a Jew's eye, no question!" she added:
let her have it ready-made, and not *inocu-*
ood Christians, such as Mr. Franck, with
m. How stately he would have looked
a beard neat and well trimmed, leading the
ter of Judah to the bridal ceremony. I
l have been curious to see a Jew wedding for
rst time in my life: surely you would not
aking an old friend?"

Vone more sure to be at *my* wedding than
Waldheim, for . . . ."

Vo commentary! the text is quite plain, the
ather personal."

Vo joke, I hope?"

Vo joke to my uncle, I assure you, if such a
were to happen. But we are intonating
d song, Mr. Franck. Had we not better try
ew one you have made for my sake?"

Vill Miss Waldheim take the vocal part?"

"And sing my own praise? Nay, Mr. that would be carrying the joke too fa must be so good as to take both the voice accompaniment. You alone can do justic own labour; and mind, you must substit other name: let us see, suppose you say I

"That will never suit *my* metre!"

The negotiation ended with "*Amand* acquiesced in by both the high contractin I played and sang literally *con amore*: m identified themselves with every word a my heart, vibrating in unison with the melody, seemed to melt away into accent der emotion. I felt the hand of Ame stood behind me, resting, then pressing shoulder: I ventured to raise my head paper—my eye caught the mirror opposi held the reflected image of an angel, ende to repress a tear .....

"His Excellency," said a servant, on the door, "begs to see Miss Waldhei library."

Another minute, and my happiness, might have been decided.—I rose relu take my leave: the gay, the brilliant fe Amelia had assumed a tone of lovely pen her countenance, like the lily tinged crimson hues of the evening sun, was

ı blushes. "Thank you!" were the only ıds that escaped her lips as we parted; but ' were accompanied with a fervid pressure of hand, and a look which it would be vain to mpt to describe.

47.

LORD CHESTERFIELD REVISED.

WELL done, Master Ferdinand!" exclaimed Bauer, as I turned the corner of the street ıy way home; "what have you been about all while? Here have I been waiting this hour more to hear from you the joyful tidings at hand, instead of partaking of a snack which . Bauer had prepared for us, and for which it ɔw too late, unless we choose to spoil our appe- for the good things which will be on table at ıplaisir in less than an hour and a half from moment; and it is an hour's walk at least. have not twenty minutes to dress from head oot. Well! have you settled the business? d news, I see, my boy, from your very looks. us all about it."

n being concisely informed of the impression h I had reason to flatter myself my gift had e on Amelia, Mr. Bauer's joy knew so little ıds, that he seemed to forget all decorum, and

the "last snack" into the bargain. He forthwith intonated, and any thing but *sotto voce*, "*La ci darem' la mano, la mi dirai di si.*"

I begged for Heaven's sake....

"*Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi! puovero cuore!* You have hit the mark, my boy!" was all I could obtain in answer; so that I was glad to speed the good man's steps in all haste to our home.

Mrs. Bauer's questions were innumerable and minute; but I had no time to quench her curiosity with the circumstantial details she expected. These, however, were liberally supplied and embellished by her merry spouse, whose toilette she superintended, and whose Stentorian diapason I distinctly heard in my garret right above, both our doors being open.—Nay, occasionally he would halloo up to me an appeal for the truth of his assertion. When I came down fully equipped, his complacency, if I had been his own offspring, could not have been more ecstatic! "There, Fanny," said he, with inward pride, "look at this model for a painter, and tell me the woman that can resist the rogue?"—"Not amiss," said Mrs. Bauer, whilst she adjusted the bow of my cravat into forms more seemly; "but mind my words—she may amuse him for a while, but a match is out of the question."—"*Si vedrà, carina, si vedrà,*" replied the spruce husband,

king the flavour of a thimble-full of Dantzic
al, which his faint stomach had solicited, and
ng a cordial adieu to the *Carina* as we de-
ded the stairs.

a passing the house of my Hebrew friend, I
l not forbear communicating to Mr. Bauer
indiscreet boastings which the former had
l to utter before Amelia with regard to Miss
er and myself, and the difficulty I had found
ear myself of her suspicions. Mr. Bauer, in
rrath, was actually on the point of retracing
steps to vent his rage on poor Benzheimer;
a representation on my part, that the scene to
xpected, besides spoiling his appetite, would
deprive us of the possibility of arriving in
for the dinner at Monplaisir, acted as a ta-
m in assuaging his choler. "Out of evil,"
he, "comes good, my dear Ferdinand: what
ter proof could you desire of Miss Waldheim's
tion, than the effect which the Jew's story
uced on her feelings? I wish you had men-
d this important fact to my wife, just to cure
of her obstinate incredulity.—Say no more,
now as it should be; and I am much mis-
n, if this very day will not place the matter in
ate of absolute certainty, for all the panto-
cal ballet which the old Baron has got up to
; Major Dornhoff's forlorn cause to bear.
most clever men have often the most pre-

posterous ideas in their heads; as if Miss Wald-heim was the girl to be told by dumb show what man she is to be tied up with for the rest of her days; the very thing to make her aversion irrevocably certain. There will be dancing, and you take care to lose no time in asking Miss Waldheim for the second waltz; the first, for decency's sake, will be with the Major, no doubt: and let me recommend, above all, a certain independence in demeanour; crouching, and fawning, and wooing, are the last things to succeed with the other sex now-a-days: vastly well in the times of knight-errantry, and even so late as thirty or forty years back; but the spirit of the age, in this as in all other respects, has made giant strides. Man has felt the dignity of his rank in the creation; has seen the absurdity, and even the impolicy, of cringing to the weaker sex, to see whether he may be permitted to dispense for life the maintenance and protection which it absolutely requires."

"Love, then, the noblest of human affections is no longer admitted into the code of fashion?"

"God forbid! my dear Ferdinand! Love, by all means: but love united to good sense, and a consciousness of our dignity. When you shall have an opportunity of observing the *ton* of the day in the best societies, you will see our young men walking the drawing-rooms with a so

, an unconcern, that will astonish your ob-
s ideas: now and then a condescending phrase
favourite beauty, which she values as a trea-
; and not unfrequently, as all things will
to the extreme, a bit of quizzing, or abso-
rudeness, is resorted to as the *ne plus ultra* of
onable male liberalism; and, much too far as
carried, the practice is found to answer ad-
bly. The goods that are offered for a song,
eldom much prized."

The discerning purchaser will not refuse a
able commodity for its cheapness."

No; but when the value can only be known
ture experience, a low price is sure to create
cion.—There" *(we were passing a farm-yard)*,
serve that noble and stately animal with his
quious hens around him! no wooing, no
g, no submissive unmanly cringing. Con-
s of his strength and dignity, but without
ng either, he exerts these superior gifts in
protection of his weaker consorts. There!
icks the food and disinterestedly lays it at
feet. His rule is gentle, as ours should be,
t is absolute."

asked poor Mr. Bauer, with a look of signi-
cy, whether these golden rules had ever been
ounded to his "weaker consort."

Needs no rules, my dear Ferdinand! a good
-piece, once put into a proper way of going,

your ears with nonsense. An excellent authority, forsooth! Praises from such a quarter....."

"Now don't be ungrateful, Mr. Franck. The good man related your deeds of prowess with tears in his eyes. The testimony of an eye-witness, surely, is good evidence; and, as to your musical abilities, his authority is scarcely of less weight. 'The tree,' *(imitating Mr. Bensheimer's voice)* 'the tree, Madam, is known by its fruit. No more than three lessons, and what a wonderful change! You should hear him sing a duet with my Essy: it is as if a bullfinch,'—mind, a bullfinch, Mr. Franck—'it is as if a bullfinch sat upon one branch, and a nightingale upon the other. That old rogue, Mr. Katzenberger, just picked my pocket with his lessons. Essy hated him, whereas Mr. Franck does every thing to make his instruction agreeable, and makes it a point to stay over time; so no wonder she is partial to him: and I shrewdly suspect the liking is mu.....'"

"The fool!—the knave! I should say. And can Miss Waldheim....."

"Fie, Mr. Franck, to revile your best friend—'the liking is mutual; and such is my regard for this excellent young man, that if he could submit to become of our persuasion.....'"

"Enough! more than enough, Miss Waldheim! the villain has been hired by Major Dornhoff, to instil poison, to ruin me in your estimation. Like

dear Ferdinand, of which no doubt you will see some perfect specimens, are celebrated all over the country; so much so, that he has a standing order to send two every Sunday to the Grand-Duke's table. They are a delicious compound of inscrutable flavours and delicacies—a full score of precious harmonizing parts. Exquisite river-crabs of prodigious size will also be part of our bill of fare; and, as the season is so far advanced, there is every probability we shall find lots of asparagus. And as to wines, I can speak from ocular observation, we may expect all that is most choice in every part of the globe; for, independently of the landlord's cellar, which is well furnished, I saw, while I was waiting for you, three large hampers put into Baron Dohm's caravan, besides a plate-chest, some dozen of rockets, stars, Catherine wheels, &c. One thing, my dear Ferdinand, let me recommend to you: you are not accustomed to these fiery foreign wines—great caution and moderation therefore is doubly requisite on your part, and on this momentous occasion in particular; above all, abstain from too great a variety of liquors."—(Poor Mr. Bauer! in this case, too, his practice swerved woefully from his preaching.) "As we shall probably not sit far from each other, don't take it amiss, if, in case of need, I make free . . . ."

My Mentor's admonitions were interrupted by the merry smacks of whips at a distance: he

sober reason resumes its sway, is to be of no avail, be it so. I have no right over your actions, however I might wish that we parted friends, on this day above all."

"Friends! Miss Waldheim: my last breath will invoke Heaven's blessing on you."

"Notwithstanding that the alloy of my imperfection allows welcome entrance to base fabrications; notwithstanding that you are going to fight my supposed adorer, and dispatch the innocent Jew for his idle prattle? Come, Mr. Franck, let's be a little rational and candid. For your assiduities to Miss Benzheimer....."

"My assiduities! gracious Heavens....."

"Well, for your alleged assiduities to Miss Esther, or to any other of my sex, I can have no right or title to call you to an account; though I may feel a certain degree of curiosity in the solution of a question otherwise of no moment. As a matter of mere fact, therefore, tell me candidly, Mr. Franck, how stands the case?"

It may be supposed that the most solemn protestations in the power of language were resorted to, for the purpose of refuting Mr. Benzheimer's silly and unfounded boastings of the impression his daughter had made on my heart, as well as in disclaiming, on my word of honour, any knowledge of an inclination on her part; and, in proof of my veracity, I intreated Miss Waldheim to send f

to Amelia's question, how he could have
is conscience to use Cæsar so cruelly.
animal deserves to have his breath rode
his lungs, for the trick he served me this
g at exercise. 'Tis not the rascal's fault,
e a whole neck, or a sound bone in me, at
ment. Only conceive, your Excellency!
nadrons, at half-gallop, had to clear the
Ditch: not a man or horse missed; but
."

ia. "Would not pass the Rubicon?"
ssed it with a vengeance; poked his stupid
to a mole-hill, slipped, came down upon
arrow-bones—no laughing matter, Miss
im—with a whole squadron at my heels,
nine out of a hundred must have been
d into sausage-meat."

ia. "Forbear, I pray, Major; the thoughts
ng Major Dornhoff transformed into a
!—Horrible!!"

u are very kind, Miss Waldheim: such,
r, must infallibly have been the case, but
advice of my poor father, the Lord-Ranger,
s the best rider in the Grand-Duchy. He
sed to say, (not that I go with him al-
r,) 'Trust horse and wife, if tired of

ia. "Paternal precepts to be engraven—"
red my life, positively. Short rein, sure

reign! tight bridle at all times: so you see, I
Waldheim, down and up again, without so m
as a scratch on his knees, was the act of the
same instant. But, so help me ——, if it
not been on duty, I should just have take
pistol from the holster and blown his st
brains out, for all I was offered 130 louis d
for him not three days ago. Now the thin
known, he will not fetch half the money.
the rascal shall remember having said his pray
before I get rid of him."

48.

MONT BLANC AND CAPE HORN.

WITH these and other equiniana, and an
uninterrupted prancings and caperings, and o
skilful exhibitions of the Major's *manège*,
sionally enlivened by coarse quizzing, at poor
Bauer's cost, we reached the triple linden av
leading to Monplaisir.

This beautiful spot, on the verge of an ex
sive forest, half embosomed between roma
rocks, had been a hunting-seat of the late C
Naufels, whose son, in consequence of
pique against the Grand-Duke, had entered
service of Russia, and, through the mili
talents he displayed under Suwarrow in
Turkish war, reached the rank of a gen

Monplaisir, with its dairy, gardens, ponds, was leased to a speculative innkeeper in and converted into a place of public recrea-

Its proximity to the capital, its rural ıs, and artificial embellishments, which were in tolerable repair, drew thither every Sun- rowds of visitors of the middling classes: and attractions, together with the culinary cele- of the host, rendered Monplaisir a place of ent occasional resort to the higher orders on -days, when their aristocratic eyes and pa- could apprehend little intrusion from "the le;" especially as the more select delicacies llar and table were dispensed at a deterring entage for plebeian purses.

e now neared the open wings of a superb gate, curiously wrought into ornamental ork allusive to the chase, and surmounted ıge stags' horns of the same metal, fancifully ed and entwined into an arch. Mr. Bauer, moment uncovered, endeavoured to stem the streamlets, the sources of which a vernal ıth had engendered in his festively farina- Mont-Blanc, and the meandering tracks of ı, in a sort of *da capo* movement, spread in s channels before and behind. Thus, and the like cause, *parva si magnis*, is the candid ing of the dazzling summit of the Alpine frau-horn *(absit allusio)* dissolved into hun-

dreds of fountains and streams, rushing forth
the Lombard plains, as well as the hilly fore
of the holy Germanic Empire.

Mr. Bauer's *cornucopia* of harmony was und
this said detersive operation, when the Maj
requested him to put on his hat; as a belief e
isted that few married men could pass under t
peculiar decoration of the gate, without th
hair rising into sympathetic electric-like appro
mation with the cervine embellishments abo
Mr. Bauer must have felt this as a home-stro
for, while passing the *furcæ caudinæ*, as fearles
as the modern marner clears Cape Horn, he t
the Major, that, what with the maxims inheri
from his illustrious parent, and other causes
evident to be mentioned, he, Mr. Bauer, felt s
that, if the hornwork in question was formida
to married men only, the Major need not
afraid of passing under it all the days of
life.

The carriage stopped in the well-swept f
court, adorned with whitewashed statues of Di
Acteon, Nimrod, and other worthies of the cha
most of them pitilessly mutilated, and all bes
bled in pencil and red chalk. Although Cæs
few minutes before, seemed to be as much o
the Major's books as his Roman namesake
detested by Cato, Brutus, Cassius, and other a
liberals of old, the peptic precepts to be give

om for the well-being of "the villanous
precluded a possibility of simultaneous at-
to Miss Waldheim and her uncle. It thus
ely fell to my share to discharge that de-
duty, and to hand, next, some bandboxes,
packages, and other articles of fair flirta-
hat a philosophical apparatus, thought I,
most intellectual of her sex!—to a buxom
the house, ready to receive the valuable
ables.

wench's yell at this very moment rings
my ears—"Gracious me, Master Franck!"

NCK! FRANCK! FRANCK!
! resounded a treacherous echo: band-
inned packages, and all the philosophical
us, dropped from the girl's hands and
satin shoes, scarfs, ribbands, garlands of
tanics, and all the fair flirtables, lay in
quodlibets on the sand, at the very foot of
ge of the Goddess of Chastity.

ld that this overwhelming scene could have
aphicked for thee, gentle reader, that thou
the more sympathize in my forlorn state,
affles the reach of letter-press. Sunk in
ness I stood, while my kind Mentor and
iters snatched up the fashionable cornu-

! Mr. Franck, you have forgotten Mary
your old favourite. You have become too

fine a....." Mr. Bauer, by way of *sordino*, clapped his fleshy palm upon her mouth, and, like the hand of the Virtuoso in the funnel of the French horn, smothered farther utterance into mere *pianissimo* fragments.

"Is any thing the matter?" exclaimed Amelia, with participating curiosity, on looking back from the flight of stone steps which she had already reached.

"Nothing particular, Miss Waldheim," replied the Major, whose hippologue was just finished: "the young man you brought in your carriage has met with an old favourite, it seems, in the maid of the house—that 's all."

To have been hidden for ever in the bowels of the earth—to have been dissolved into non-existence—would at that moment have been a welcome fate. How I came to be stretched in despair on a seat in an arbour at the very extremity of the garden behind the house, is totally out of my recollection.

"It 's all up!" said Mr. Bauer, in a dry desponding tone, as he entered the arbour out of breath after me: "I have seen the young woman go with her cargo up to Miss Waldheim; I should not wonder if she was sent for. And mine—mine" *(wiping a tear)*—"mine is the fault, for wishing to ride in that accursed carriage, to save

lazy bones a miserable quarter of an hour's k."

"Let 's home again! not another minute will I ry in this unhallowed spot. Home! home! God's sake!"

"What! and give up the dinner? Nonsense, good Ferdinand: matters are unpromising, to sure; but there is no need of making things still rse."

"They can't be worse than they are, my dear r. Bauer; my evil star is pursuing me on this tinous day. I am the victim of a dire fatality. arcely had I succeeded in warding off the suspi- n of an attachment to the young Jewess, when is unforeseen and disastrous rencontre with that rward vixen plunges me anew into irretrievable tin."

"You are a sad dog, to be sure. That bump the nape, to which your good uncle called my tention in his letter of introduction....Craniolo- y, I begin to believe ....."

"Bump, Mr. Bauer? I am, believe me, as in- cent in the one case as in the other, however erwhelmingly appearances may rise in array ainst me."

"What! you have not .....?"

Here I explained to my friend, in a few words, e nature of my early acquaintance with Mary

Dickel, appealing to my known veracity, and to all that is most sacred, for the truth of my statement. His joy was unbounded at this information: he nearly stifled me with embraces.

"Enough! enough! my dearest Ferdinand; all is well now, take my word for it. Thou shalt be justified. This instant I will go to Miss Waldheim, to plead your innocent cause in the irresistible language of truth and friendship; and then, if she still persist in cherishing these worthless suspicions—well, then, in God's name, let her have the Major and all his stud and stables. She deserves no better ....."

"Who deserves no better?" said Amelia, who had, unobserved, turned the corner of the serpentine path edged with yew, and at that moment stood before us.

Mr. Bauer. "Miss Waldheim's good sense must make allowance for the warmth into which my love for Ferdinand may have betrayed me. Look at him, my dear Miss Waldheim, and ask your own heart whether, innocent as he is of all the suspicions which appearances are heaping against him, he deserves to sink under the weight of misery which overwhelms him. A few moments, and we may be summoned to dinner. The time is too precious, your understanding too discerning, to admit of laboured explanations. As I live, as I wish to die in peace, Ferdinand is guiltless! he

sart, his whole being, allow me to speak out, is consumed in the purest love towards you, Miss Waldheim. Were it otherwise, you would see him less wretched. The young woman, who is the cause of all this, he knows no otherwise than as one of ten or twelve pupils in his uncle's evening-school, where occasional indispositions of the latter rendered it now and then proper, and in fact a matter of duty, for poor Ferdinand to officiate."

Amelia (*smiling*). "A duty as praiseworthy as it may have proved pleasing and successful! And what may have been the branches of learning in which these country damsels profited by Mr. Franck's light of instruction?"

Mr. Bauer. "What else, Miss Waldheim, but common reading, the Catechism, and a little writing? a few pothooks, just to teach the poor things to sign their names, and may-be make out a washing-bill."

Amelia (*jocularly*). "The young woman's grateful memory is at variance with this modest syllabus of instruction. She gives Mr. Franck credit for tuition of a very superior kind."

Mr. Bauer. "What else, Ferdinand, did they learn at Feldberg? Oh! to be sure, a little psalm-singing for Sunday-service—a matter of course, and extremely proper; in that Ferdinand was the man for them, I vouch."

Amelia (*with a rustic accent*). "'Your ladyship

must know that Master Franck always was monstrous kind to me, for all I was often kept after hours when I spoiled a copy: to be sure, I spoiled many a one on purpose.' "

Mr. Bauer. "Idle prattling, Miss Waldheim, —not worth your notice."

Amelia (continuing). "'And many a kiss I had for doing the second copy well, when .....' "

Mrs. Bauer. "What a bouncer!"

Amelia. "'Your ladyship may believe me or not; but if I had as many six-bätzners as those rewards would count up to, I might buy clothes enough to be as fine a lady as Master Franck has made himself a gentleman—that I might.' "

Mr. Bauer. "Oh, the vixen!"

Amelia. "'But Master Franck has got among the great folks, and thinks no longer of Mary Dickel; though, if the truth were known, I be the cause of his good luck.' "

Mr. Bauer. "Have you ever heard .....?"

Amelia. "'Ay, ay; somehow or other his uncle found out we were intimated, and, looking over some big Latin book that he was studying day and night, God forgive him! he found that Master Franck couldn't help being loving of me, because as how he had a great big bump at the back of his head; and so you see, Ma'am, rather than he should have me, they sent him ..... into the .....

..... world, that we might never ..... see each other again: now, warn't that cruel?'"

r. *Bauer*. "Oh, the wretch! She is bribed, Waldheim, to aid in poor Ferdinand's ruin; her up this instant. But no! I'll not my appetite for such a worthless jade! To-ow morning, if I am alive, I'll have her n up for defamation; and, if there's justice e land, you shall see whether I don't clap her Bridewell upon bread and water for three ths."

nelia. "You'll want me as a witness, Mr. r; and I can take my oath as to the words en: but how shall we prove their falsehood, btain a verdict and condign punishment?— they admit Mr. Franck's evidence? Of se *he* is ready to affirm, upon oath, that there t a word of truth in these slanderous accusa- . We may depend upon you, Mr. Franck, in momentous cause, may we not?"

he appeal was too direct to admit of equivo- n, if I had been capable of resorting to arti- With the sincerity due to the occasion to my character, I candidly acknowledged Mary's tale to a certain degree was founded uth; although she had, in her vanity, embel- d and exaggerated every part of her story. it," said I, "if her inferences have been too

sanguine, let them remain matter of opinion on her part. You have heard all, Miss Waldheim! If, in the effervescence of a youthful age, an innocent partiality to a sprightly companion of my younger days be culpable, I stand convicted; but by the fervid love which pervades my heart—by the paternal friendship of this excellent man—I solemnly protest, the occasional and slight intercourse that has existed between us was pure and guiltless."

Mr. Bauer. "Pure and guiltless, Miss Waldheim! Well said, my boy! Yours is the eloquence of sacred truth. His tongue, Miss Waldheim, is the mirror of his thoughts: his heart as pure as gold, as transparent as crystal: not a discord in his whole being! Behold that noble countenance, Miss Waldheim, and if you can find it in your heart to . . . . ."

"His Excellency desires me to say," interrupted a servant, "that some of the company are driving up the avenue, and he would be glad if Miss Waldheim would join him to receive them."

"I fear we must give up the action and Bride: well, Mr. Bauer," said Amelia, with the winning smile peculiar to her. "Have an eye upon this pure and transparent pupil of yours; with all his innocence, the big Latin book of his worthy uncle and the great big bump at the back of the nephew's head, are monitors not to be disregarded

eer him up, Mr. Bauer; we must have no long
es on my birthday."

49.

THE JEW'S HARP.

The revival of my spirits rendered Mr. Bauer's
l unnecessary; while his own, with a fluctua-
n inherent in his susceptible nature, exhibited
state of buoyant exaltation. One thing only
ighed sorely on his mind—the unaccountable
lay of the dinner-hour, and the deep regret at
t having taken "some little matter" to prevent
e vacuum in his internal economy—an omission
hich he feared would operate as a great draw-
ck on the enjoyment of the approaching pleasures
the table; but his good humour was not to be
sturbed on the present occasion. In an accent
chuckling comfort, he exclaimed, "All is now
it should be, my boy! this little scene, depend
pon it, has done no harm. Love is not the bet-
r for a smooth unruffled course; a little dose of
oss-purposes, like salt strewed over the fire, im-
rts excitement and vigour to the flame! But as
e dose has been quite strong enough for once,
e must guard against farther mischief. If that
ld Mary Dickel was again to fall in your way—
d the hussy is forward enough to waylay you—
en the fat would be in the fire with a vengeance!

could prevail upon the la
three or four hours, it w
all events, he must be t
stance; and this very mor
A lusty peal from the di
he speaker. "*Das klinget s*
so fein," * he exclaimed in
observing that another peal
cet note of preparation in a
contemplated wise precauti
half-measure of his proposin
guard as far as the hall, a
the enemy, to announce da
coughs.

Our apprehensions were
ed; we reached in safety th
three of Mr. Bauer's sen
preparatory intimation of
fourth and most honoured
virate. Not to mention
electric batteries, absor
pails and tubs; and the
sauces, sweets, and sou
most costly perfumes of
the rattling mechanisn
ing laboratory; the
pers; the swashy ba
clatter of pots and

* "Oh! dolce

noises, intermixed with the hurried com-
ds of cooks, and the more submissive re-
ses of scullions; this chaotic *charivari* of
ds without number so completely ravished
musical ears of my famished friend, as he was
ing his attire in an adjoining closet, that he
ed not to liken the performance to the finest
rt, the cooks to solo-players, the scullions
pieni, and the noble culinary art altogether
he sublime science of composition.

he antique saloon into which we were ushered
filled with many guests of the higher ranks
of both sexes; there were abundance of epau-
s, some stars and other decorations, ladies in
richest and most fanciful attire; and, amongst
s, youthful beauties, of whose charms Ame-
image alone could have rendered me a cool
rver. It was a new world for me; yet, no-
as I felt myself, I saw the impropriety of
ing Mr. Bauer company in a retired corner,
with a courage and good grace inconceivable
e at this time, I passed forward to pay my
ects to Amelia and Baron Dohm. For an in-
t the latter seemed as if he were a little struck
my boldness; or perhaps he might have had
e intimation of the awkward scene in the
t-yard: but, in the best spirits as he was,
n Dohm received me with affability, and
introduced me to several grand personages

in his neighbourhood, as a particular friend of h
old acquaintance Baron Wolditz, and as a you
gentleman zealously devoted to music, and des
skilled in the science; and glancing at a pa
ingeniously attached to the interior of his g
snuff-box, he took me by the hand, and present
me to Madame von Sternthal and her daugh
as the gentleman who would have the honour
their neighbourhood at table. Baron Dohm seem
ed to enjoy the happy day: he was cheerful a
attentive to every one; and expressed his h
that, in this rural retreat, all forms and fetters
etiquette would yield to uncontrolled good h
mour and conviviality.

Thus I soon began to feel at home and ju
freely in the conversation, which was the less d
ficult to me, as, by virtue of the reigning mania
the capital, music seemed to be the ruling top
of discussion.

The *dolce concento* of Mr. Bauer—the sec
peal for dinner—resounded; and I conducted t
new neighbours, mother and daughter, to th
destination. Our seats were, in an oblique
rection, opposite to Miss Waldheim, whom
beheld, with inward regret, placed next to t
odious rival, Major Dornhoff; and Mr. Ba
I saw snugly located at the lower end of
table, amidst some guests of probably infe
note, but equally willing with himself to m

the best of the good things before them—for the napkins pendent from their button-holes bespoke their good intentions to conduct themselves in a zealous and workmanlike manner on the important occasion.

It was cruel of Baron Dohm to assort my individuality with so conversable, so vivacious, so bewitching a little brunette as Mademoiselle von Sternthal, to whose charms I felt a secret conviction my unhappy phrenological conformation must have rendered me a victim, but for the fortunate chance of prior occupancy. Priority is a powerful non-conductor in affairs of the heart. I felt the efficacy of the preservative; and, feeling secure, I saw no reason for not acting up to Baron Dohm's exhortation, by rendering myself as agreeable, and playing the amiable to my sprightly neighbour as much as I could. Music being again brought under discussion, she asked me whether I knew *Densi's Notturnos* for the harp; to which I replied, that unfortunately I was unacquainted with that instrument.

"Don't believe Mr. Franck's modesty, my dear Emma," unexpectedly said Miss Waldheim, who had for some time noticed our animated converse. "He is a great connoisseur, I assure you."

"On the harp, Miss Waldheim?"

"To be sure. I know he has played solos on the *Jew's*-harp, and duvetts too."

I thought this stroke of satire rather severe and uncalled for. "True! true!" I said, with equal significancy, "merely by way of experiment; but a lady for whom I entertain the utmost regard seems to be particularly averse to that kind of music, and so I mean to discontinue practising altogether."

"The lady is very much in the right," added the plump little Madame von Sternthal. "They must be ruinous things for a fine set of teeth like yours, Mr. Franck—particularly when they are made of brass, as I have seen them; and a vast disfigurement to the mouth: throw them out of the window, by all means, Mr. Franck. You no doubt perform upon some other instrument more becoming and graceful?"

"A little on several, Madame von Sternthal; but principally the violin and forte-piano."

"Charming! charming! We have a little music every Monday, and shall be happy to see you whenever it is convenient. Emma has some sweet pretty things with a violin to them, which you shall try with her."

"Do come next Monday," said Miss Emma; "we mostly finish with a little dance when mamma is in good-humour."

"Fie, Emma! as if I ever were otherwise. You shall have a dance, by all means; and a fiddler on purpose shall be no object."

"Mr. Franck," said Miss Waldheim, inter-

joining us again, "I am sure, will be delighted to fiddle for you all night long."

"Play at a dance, Miss Waldheim?" exclaimed in surprise Mr. Bauer from the lower end of the table: "not whilst there are dozens of waltz-scrapers to be hired for a six-bätzner a-piece. Mr. Franck, I am sure, is too deeply impressed with the noble object of the sublimest of all arts to be instrumental in its degradation."

"Bravo! well said!" vociferated one of Mr. Bauer's jovial and waggish companions, who appeared to have taken him into their protection and kind keeping, rivalling each other in administering to his sensual appetites the solid and liquid delicacies which cost them nothing but the trouble of asking for. "The most sublime of the Fine Arts!" was drunk in a bumper in that lower house of *beaux esprits;* their decanters were dispatched every now and then to the side-board, and returned with full cargoes; for the toasts proposed to Mr. Bauer in honour of the most sublime of the Fine Arts followed each other in rapid succession. Many, of course, did not reach my ears; but whenever my attention was caught by the *più forte* challenges of the merry coterie below, some celebrated name was the object of their assiduous libations. *Händel*, *Sebastian Bach*, *Gluck*, and *Haydn*, received ample honours, individually, at the hands of these inspired wor-

must know that Master Franck always was monstrous kind to me, for all I was often kept after hours when I spoiled a copy: to be sure, I spoiled many a one on purpose.' "

Mr. Bauer. "Idle prattling, Miss Waldheim, —not worth your notice."

Amelia (*continuing*). "'And many a kiss I had for doing the second copy well, when .....'"

Mrs. Bauer. "What a bouncer!"

Amelia. "'Your ladyship may believe me or not; but if I had as many six-bätzners as those rewards would count up to, I might buy clothes enough to be as fine a lady as Master Franck has made himself a gentleman—that I might.'"

Mr. Bauer. "Oh, the vixen!"

Amelia. "'But Master Franck has got among the great folks, and thinks no longer of Mary Dickel; though, if the truth were known, I be the cause of his good luck.'"

Mr. Bauer. "Have you ever heard .....?"

Amelia. "'Ay, ay; somehow or other his uncle found out we were intimated, and, looking over some big Latin book that he was studying day and night, God forgive him! he found that Master Franck couldn't help being loving of me, because as how he had a great big bump at the back of his head; and so you see, Ma'am, rather than he should have me, they sent him ..... into the .....

:ted my fair motherly neighbour and her
g brunette daughter.

50.

NON EST INVENTUS.

Excellency would be glad to see Mr.
immediately," whispered one of the ser-
ı the midst of an animated discussion with
nma and a learned privy councillor on
antage of restoring the Greek chorus in
nan serious drama.

servant conducted me to an apartment
th some twelve or fifteen professional in-
talists and my old friend, Monsieur Dupré,
ıt-master, amidst whom Baron Dohm, in
d coat, embroidered satin waistcoat, and
owdered wig, appeared like the resplendent
god presiding in the Pierian band. "We
eady for the ballet, Mr. Franck," said his
icy: "pray see where Mr. Bauer is, and
to come forthwith."

as not in the drawing-room; in vain I
ıe round of the house, in vain his name
iferated through the long and re-echoing
s. Anxious for his safety, I ran into the
Alas, for the vanity of human pride! the
of *Clorinda* and *Dido* lay stretched on a
n the self-same arbour to which we had

retired before dinner: his condition and i
were but too obvious. "You are wanted
diately to lead at the piano, every thing is r
we roused him with difficulty, but, alas!
of leading others, he woefully stood in
that aid—he was utterly helpless. It was
as we could do to lead him into the hou
deposit his impotent and misgiving limbs o
of rest, where he kept muttering thick-
and unconnected rhapsodies about scores,
and Mozart, and the sublime tendency
divine art.

I had hoped to excuse Mr. Bauer on the
of sudden indisposition; but bad news tr
wings. The Baron was informed of n
friend's condition when I returned, and de
censed at seeing his fond hopes thus miser
appointed. Full of disgust and despair, h
himself into an arm-chair, exclaiming wit
ness: "I deserve it, I deserve it: this is
sequence of making common fellowship w
vulgar: had I not in my folly asked
dinner, he would not have bestialized hi
Gentlemen," (*rising from his chair*,) "the
nt an end—before it began, indeed!—you
liberty to depart whenever it suits you.
let cannot take place."

"*Est-il possible!*" exclaimed Monsieur

in despair, "*Quel malheur!* what misfortune! mais, *mon Dieu, Monsieur le Baron, n'y-a-t'il point de remède?* is dere no elp at all? *Assurément* we can trey de ding wissout Monsieur Bauer."

"And be laughed at here, and laughed at to-morrow by all the capital! No, Monsieur Dupré, the representation is out of the question."

"*Mais votre Excellence, permettez moi de vous assurer,* allow me to assure your *Excellence* upon honor, all my people are *parfaits*, dey know deir parts, *jusqu'au dernier pas; j'en réponds.* Vat is dere need for de piano wid all dese gentlemen, *qui sont de la première force?*"

Baron Dohm's answer consisted in a mere negative shake of the powdered wig. In this state of despair I ventured to suggest the possibility of my supplying, in some degree, Mr. Bauer's place, as I was not altogether unacquainted with the score, besides its including some selections well known to me.

"*Mais bête que je suis de ne pas y avoir pensé!* What *stupide* I most be!" exclaimed Monsieur Dupré in an ecstacy of joy, nearly stifling me with embraces. "*Voilà notre ange tutélaire, c'est notre homme précisément.* He shall do de piano as well, I say bettair as Monsieur Bauer—*Il est rempli de talent, notre charmant Franque; et pour la danse,*

il s'y connoit, je vous en réponds, he know every step, every *mouvement*; he understand *le style pantomime*; he——"

"Could you really venture to undertake the task, Mr. Franck?" asked the Baron with a beaming countenance, pressing my hand with cordial content.

"I think I may safely promise it, if your Excellency will allow me ten minutes for perusing the score once more, during which time these gentlemen might perform some overture or symphony to entertain the company."

"Charming! my dear, my worthy young friend, your kind and spirited offer has laid me under eternal obligations. I shall endeavour to seize an early opportunity of evincing my gratitude. But no time is to be lost at present; let me see you to-morrow at twelve."

"If I might be permitted to ask one favour—?"

"A thousand, my dear Mr. Franck! Speak, what can I do to serve you?"

"To think no more of the accidental error into which Mr. Bauer has fallen—to restore that worthy man to your Excellency's gracious friendship."

"You have effected this already, my dear Mr. Franck, by supplying his place," said the Baron, with some emotion: "but this will not be the way in which our accounts are to be settled.

lors of that to-morrow.—Now to the saloon, gentlemen, and the symphony; while I go and ring the audience, and Mr. Franck casts his eye over the score and the programme of the action."

The old gentleman's effort at allegory could not, at all events, be taxed with obscurity.

Charis, the most beautiful shepherdess in Paphos, had hitherto, of all the virgins in the sacred island, alone defied the omnipotent influence of the Patron Goddess. At the opening of the piece, the nymph is discovered by Venus sleeping in a myrtle grove; the goddess, grieved at the resistance offered to her power, summons Cupid, gives her orders and retires. Charis awakes; the insinuating urchin tries in vain his blandishments and arts of persuasion; he next resorts to his quiver, but the shafts either miss or are caught and broken by their intended victim. Cupid now determines on more substantial means of attack: he introduces the handsomest swain of the isle, who declares his passion amidst gifts of roses, turtle-doves, and a milk-white kid, and is heard with apparent complacency, but, after being amused with idle hopes, rejected with derision. The next presentation consists in a young elegantly bearded philosopher and poet, with his volumes, instruments, &c. His verses gain the approbation of Charis; he demonstrates the necessity of the tender passion, and proves it, moreover, by reference to his books; but Charis has a peep at

the books, too; she points at a page inscribed, AMOUR—ESCLAVAGE, *where, unfortunately, the little tyrant is seen dragging in chains half a dozen crouching nymphs; and the out-argued candidate is compelled to retire in disappointment. But the little god has one more string to his bow; he returns with a young bard*—(rather personal, I thought) —*the magic of sweet sounds at one time appears irresistible; but Charis, recovering from the temporary fascination, seizes his lyre, and mimicking his strains, plays him out of countenance and out of the field.*

Cupid, in despair, flies to his mother for advice; Venus resents severely his want of resources and exertions, and threatens, in case of failure, to deprive him of his weapons. A last effort is resorted to. As the military seldom fail of success with the fair, a young warrior, with sword, shield, and plumed helmet, is led forth to try his chance. Charis is struck with the martial charms of the man-at-arms; her heart seems to yield, while she blushes at her weakness; she flies, the hero pursues —hide and seek—a myrtle bush seems to offer concealment, but the man-at-arms quickly reaches the Paphian evergreen, which, at the command of Venus, changes into a temple. The Graces, by winding garlands of roses around, prevent further escape, and the Rev. Mr. Hymen is at hand to do the needful.

ı running cursorily over the programme,
h the above may serve as a concise sketch,
lity of my impending functions presented
ırcibly.—"What," said I to myself, "as-
y, take the lead, in playing my rival fairly
ıe temple of Hymen? Charming! most
ested task of suicidal self-devotion in thee,
atient and complying Ferdinand Franck!
y Amelia! how everlastingly will she not
erself indebted for thy generous assistance:
e Major, the man-at-arms, the man of the
ınd plumed helmet, what but a mercenary
ş must he think thee in thus aiding in the
lishment of his designs!"

ıy present temper of mind, however, these
rations, instead of presenting themselves in
us form, assumed but a ludicrous shape.
r from the Major is out of the question.
ology which Baron Dohm is to make to the
ce will sufficiently explain the state of the
Amelia; she cannot but smile at the ridi-
ıess of my situation and the futility of the
ent to pantomime her into wedlock. The
s disappointment and my triumph will
e the greater after the failure of this at-
Besides, whispered Ambition, this unex-
display of my musical abilities, before per-
f the first rank in the capital, cannot fail
ıence public opinion greatly in my favour;

and, above all, insures me the friendship and [illegible] graces of Amelia's uncle. Lose such an opportunity evidently presented by my lucky star [illegible] no, my valiant Major; thou shalt have my [illegible] come aid; the hymeneal march shall be played [illegible] thee most conscientiously; if thou stumblest, [illegible] thy business.

> Se vuol ballare, Signor Maggiore,
> Il Chitarino le suonerò.

51.

SYMPTOMS OF THE BUMP.

WITH this inspiriting thought, I entered the saloon, as the symphony was drawing to its terminating climax. At its conclusion, Baron Dehm rose from his seat, and mentioned the sudden and unforeseen call for my assistance. Encouraging plaudits ensued; the party were distributed; I nodded to the leading violin; the rap of his bow, like a magic wand, changed the active hum of the auditors into silent and mystic suspense, until at one crash, a unison C, from all the instruments, announced the commencement of the dramatic overture. Conscious of my power, I led the musical phalanx vigorously on through Mr. Bauer's mazes of melody and harmony; the company, especially the ladies, evinced *capitally* their

nate sense of time and measure. Baron Dohm's
aming visage, like a Chinese mandarin, nodded
ntinuous applause; Amelia's cheering counte-
nce telegraphed her inward pleasure at my suc-
ss; and no sooner had the performance reached
e known formulas of finish, than the delighted
uditory, impatient of further delay, set up a stun-
ing *tutti* of clapping, which rendered the active
nd energetic functions of the orchestra a mere
atter of vision. "*Bravo! bravo!* Mr. Franck!"
xclaimed the enraptured Baron Dohm, followed by
umberless "*Bravos*," and "*Bravissimos*," from
very part of the reverberating saloon. The *an-
ante pastorale* began; the curtain rose. On
ateboard turf, of slipper-bath shape, sweetly
umbering lay.....

Merciful Heavens! do my eyes deceive me—It is
'ctorine, the little figurante, my——. My heart
r a moment sunk within me, my fingers refused
eir office. Happily the orchestra proceeded un-
d; and Venus suffered no interruption in the in-
ructions she had to give to Cupid.—I ventured
cast a side glance towards Miss Waldheim; by
r looks I had reason to hope that my embarrass-
ent had escaped her notice. I recovered in some
gree my self-possession; but on resuming the
ore, I beheld at no great distance the fearful
ords—"Charis awakes gradually." Heavens!

what will be the unsuspecting girl's feelings! what my forlorn condition at that awful chord! well might I say

> Io perderò la pace,
> Quando si svegliierà.

Reflecting, however, that distressing as was my situation, there was no earthly remedy but to let events take their course, and not add to their untowardness by any want of resolution on my part, I played on mechanically, with eyes rivetted on my book, and with trembling hand entered upon the fatal passage of enharmonic modulation, on which perhaps hung the whole of my future happiness.

Poor Victorine! with infinite grace did she commence her arduous part; her eyes opened gradually and closed again; her pretty little arm waved softly towards her forehead; she rose gently into some fascinating attitudes, preceding, within a few bars, the more active business of her part.—Alas! at that moment she must have seen me; I heard a stifled sound, and saw the lovely girl sink unconscious on the pasteboard turf.—

"*Qu'allez vous faire dono, Ma'mselle?*" exclaimed the hectic voice of the enraged Monsieur Dupré from behind the wing close to her. "*Vite, vite, ne faites pas la sotte, commencez votre pas seul tout de suite.* Begin de pas seul direckly, I say, or I will break a' your bones, *savez-vous.*"

Finding that, at this encouraging exhortation, the poor girl raised herself mechanically from the painted couch, the thought luckily flashed on my mind, that a kind and friendly look from me might possibly revive her spirits. The expedient had the desired effect—as far as related to Victorine; she smiled—she came in front—the music recommenced—her elegant limbs performed gracefully the saltatorian functions—applause from all quarters inspired her ambition; even Monsieur Dupré, no longer disposed to break bones, every now and then exclaimed from behind "*Bravo, bravo, ma petite mignonne!—Charmant, ma chère!—Elle danse divainely to-day, comme un ange, absolument.*"

My eyes fixed on the score, I heard Major Dornhoff's stentorian praise, addressed to his neighbour, Miss Waldheim. "By G—," he exclaimed, "how excessively clever she is, and vastly pretty too!" "—Excessively....." (the important epithet of admiration, or dispraise applied by Miss Waldheim, whatever it may have been, unfortunately escaped my hearing). "Excessively....." at all events, was all I could distinctly make of it. "Oh! that 's part of their business," said Major Dornhoff in reply; "but with all that, you may depend upon it, Miss Waldheim, not a little of the *manège* must have been required to bring her to this perfection. She will make her fortune if she minds what she is

about; but these gentry mostly end by floundering headlong into some silly attachment or other."

"No man....."

The rest was again inaudible, perhaps to the Major himself; for the fair, when not best pleased, besides being laconic in their remarks, cadence them at no great sacrifice of breath; and it was manifest that Miss Waldheim took a very negative sort of interest in the exhibition.

Little Victorine, on the other hand, every now and then cast a significant, I might say a wanton side-glance towards me, and appeared to grow more and more animated; she not only threw infinite spirit and humour into her part, but superadded much unauthentic by-play. Thus, in sending the bearded sage about his business, she seized, no doubt intentionally, his venerable chin-furniture, which, not being made to stand such usage, remained fairly in her hand.

"*Ah, coquine!*" vociferated Monsieur Dupré, from the wing, while a stifled mutter of genteel risibility ran through the audience, and a vulgar laugh resounded from an open side-door, at which the waiters, cooks, scullions, and maids of the house, had modestly taken post to enjoy a peep at the show.

On looking that way—Heavens! there was Mary Dickel in the very front rank; loudest in

laugh, whimpering and winking—Ah, good
er! if thou hadst seen poor Ferdinand Franck
nat distressing moment, thou wouldst have
l his forlorn, his desperate state.

AMELIA!

MARY DICKEL!!

F. F.

VICTORINE!!!

hold the threefold misery in array against me,
ithin sight of me and each other! What ran-
is evil star, what unheard-of combination of
cuting fatality could have thus conspired my
!

y hands sank paralysed from the key-board;
nately, the fiddles plodded on unled, and gave
ime to breathe. "Brave all," whispered a
genius within me; "the harper, your own
em, is entering the scene; a failure would be
ous."—My spirits rallied once more; I re-
d the arduous task, and soon proceeded with
ased animation. Victorine, too, played the
con amore, as if it had a hidden meaning;
harper found more grace and tenderness than

what the programme prescribed; and when she seized his lyre, she preposterously enough kissed it and pressed it to her bosom.

"*Ce n'est pas cela*, you stupide!" exclaimed again the invisible monitor, Monsieur Dupré; "*flanquez la lyre, et faites le promener.*" So the poor lyrist made his exit, nobody could tell why. The performance, however, proceeded in its course satisfactorily. The audience, making due allowance for what they took to be casual imperfections, expressed their approbation repeatedly, save and except Miss Waldheim, who, with the stage in front and the unhallowed side-door on her left, grew more and more indifferent and even pensive; while Major Dornhoff, in proportion as he began, towards the conclusion, to unravel the allegory, took increased interest and delight in the spectacle. No sooner did the young warrior, with sword and shield and plumed helmet, make his appearance, than the Major triumphantly exclaimed: "This one will settle the business,—Miss Waldheim, what do you say?" and when Charis and the man-at-arms had reached the spreading myrtle, and the myrtle changed into a temple, and the officious nymphs encircled the columns with garlands of roses, the Major's joy knew no bounds. He rose from his seat in his glossy jet cuirassier-boots, and clapped and bravoed with all his physical might, exclaiming triumphantly: "A capital

piece, by G—! never saw a better thing! monstrous clever! Didn't I tell you, Miss Waldheim, he would have her?"

"If it is so," replied Amelia, "you will allow it's through no merit of his; and he has at all events no cause to pride himself on entrapping her in a cage, from which she will escape at the first opportunity."

"That will be *his* fault, I reckon;" observed the enraptured Major with his usual courtesy. "We are not in the habit of taking strong places without leaving a good garrison to take care of them."

52.

MORE BEAUTIES THAN ONE.

THE brutal remarks of Major Dornhoff, while they filled my breast with disgust, excited feelings of intense sympathy for Miss Waldheim. My soul was harrowed on beholding her dejected and forlorn looks. "If she loves thee," said I to myself, "it is for thee to set her mind at ease by instant explanation." I forthwith sought an opportunity of speaking to Amelia, whom I saw in conversation with an old colonel of artillery; but no sooner had I reached the spot and bowed to her, than she drew in her lips, took leave of the colonel, returned a slight stiff nod, as if we had never seen each

other, and passed me in her way to another
the saloon.

At that moment Baron Dohm came u
have been looking for you, Mr. Franck," l
"to thank you for your very kind and ve
assistance. Every body is delighted wit
performance, and I have had to answer all
questions about you, from the ladies in pa
ever since the conclusion of the piece. It
remarkably well, I think, and every body i
same opinion. I should not be surprised
to do it again before the Grand-Duke.
Erlach, the Earl Marshal, has just now h
the thing, and I should be glad to introd
to him."

I thanked the Baron; but begged he wo
permit me to step down and see how Mr
was. On leaving him he kindly pressed m
requested I would return as soon as possi
at all events not forget to be with him
morning.

I found Mr. Bauer's situation more serio
I had expected. The immediate effects
wine and good living had subsided, but h
indicated a high state of fever; his skin
burning fire: he complained of acute
pains, and wished to return to town imme
As, under such alarming symptoms, this re
peared the most eligible course, and my m

des, was not in a temper to desire a longer stay ; Monplaisir, I ordered a chaise, went up to ex-ain to the Baron the necessity of our departure, nd to take my leave of Amelia, whom I could not nd it in my heart to quit without some explana-on of matters past, or at least without the con-ction of a restored good understanding. Not nding her in the saloon, and the guests being by his time dispersed in different parts of the house nd the pleasure-grounds, I sent, perhaps impro-erly enough, a message, communicating the cause f my retiring, and my wish to take leave of her. The messenger returned to say that Miss Wald-eim was particularly engaged, but wished us a afe return to town.

I felt deeply wounded by this undeserved, and, s I thought, unfeeling coolness; all previous sym-athy was crushed by my innate pride thus wan-only humiliated. I involuntarily exclaimed with itterness: "Thou art then but a woman!"

"And what would you have her be?" cried Mr. Bauer, ludicrously enough, with a hurried fever-h ar iculation.

"Be! let her be what she chooses, and whose he chooses, so she be not mine. The veil is rent —the spell dissolved. Come, Mr. Bauer, the orses are put to; every moment spent in this ateful abode adds to our vexations."

In proceeding by a long corridor through ano-

ther part of the house, we passed the open door of a large apartment, in which the *corps de ballet*, including Monsieur Dupré and the orchestra, were on the point of seating themselves to a repast. One leap of ballerine swiftness brought from her chair the elegant little Victorine. How graceful! how lovely she looked!—how delicately, how amiably she chid me for the fright I had caused her when she first opened her fine black eyes! And those eyes, how eloquent their expression when I left her to proceed to the chaise! divine creature!!

"I have brought you a good warm blanket to wrap your friend in," said the kind-hearted Mary Dickel, as we ascended the vehicle; "the evenings are cool yet; poor gentleman—he seems very bad.—No, indeed," said she, when Mr. Bauer attempted pecuniary remuneration, "'tis no more than what every good Christian ought to do, and I am sure I would do a thousand times more for any friend of Mr. Franck's, for he and I be old friends, and I hope will remain so; and if you'll tell me where you live, Mr. Franck, I'll call for the blanket to-morrow as I go to town to market."

Mary's regular lineaments and her fresh and healthy complexion looked beautiful as she spoke these words of kindness. There was not the brilliancy, the sparkling vivacity of Victorine in her countenance, but an inexpressible charm of unsophisticated good-nature was spread over her open

ed features; and this charm was heightened
: rosy bloom of health, unsubdued by the
rnt tinge of her complexion. Amiable, in-
ng simplicity! true emblem of unalloyed
:nce!!

: situation of Mrs. Bauer, on our return—
umerous questions—her anxiety and alarm,
e easily guessed. Dr. von Müller, on learn-
e cause of the indisposition, wrote sundry re-
and expressed a hope of speedy amendment.
e ensuing morning the fever had considerably
l; but there remained a general derangement
: internal economy, which would evidently
e medical attendance for some days.

'eeably to appointment, I waited on Baron
, who, on my inquiring after Miss Wald-
: health, informed me that she had not risen
s she found herself rather indisposed, "the
, no doubt, of a cold which she must have
t by witnessing the fireworks in the garden
mplaisir in a dress little adapted to the eve-
ir in April."

: Baron, after complimenting me again on
usical performance of yesterday, and express-
is obligations, began a minute inquiry into
:tent of the general studies I had pursued.
ked whether I knew French and Latin, and
particularly, whether I was conversant in
: and accounts. Upon receiving affirmative

and satisfactory replies to these and other questions, he begged to know whether it was from my own inclination that I had embraced the musical career. My answer was, that although certain prognostications of my uncle had been the primary cause of my entering professionally upon my musical studies, I had from my youth felt a decided partiality for the art; and that since I had exclusively devoted myself to it, I had found so many charms in the pursuit, that what had before been mere liking had grown into enthusiasm.

"If such be the case, Mr. Franck," observed the Baron, "all we have to do is, to see how we can farther your views that way; otherwise, I think I could have suggested something which would have opened more promising prospects to a young man of your attainments. At all events," he continued, "there will be no harm in mentioning my idea to you. As this communication will be quite confidential, I must request the strictest secrecy. It has been intimated to me, that, in the course of this summer, our gracious Sovereign will have occasion for my services on a diplomatic mission of some importance; and it is not improbable that the choice of a secretary will be left to my option: it is a post of trust, and so highly honourable, that numerous applications on behalf of our first families will not be wanting. I can, therefore, give you no stronger proof of my esteem and my wish to serve

you, Mr. Franck, than by assuring you, that if the appointment should rest with me, it shall be yours, provided you could make up your mind to resign your musical career for prospects infinitely more advantageous and respectable."

Baron Dohm's generous and splendid offer quite took me by surprise. This I stated to him candidly; adding also, that, whatever might be my determination, a step of such vital importance would necessarily require the approbation of my uncle, as well as of my patron, Baron Wolditz.

"Unquestionably, Mr. Franck. But the first point to be considered will be, your own inclination; and, in this respect too, I should be the last to wish for a hasty decision. There is ample time to reflect upon the matter; weigh it well by all means, and when you have made up your mind, come and tell me your determination. Suppose we say, the day after to-morrow. If your resolution be affirmative, then will be the time to write to your uncle on the subject; and as to Baron Wolditz, I shall with pleasure charge myself with making the communication to him. All, I dare say, will depend upon your decision; for the offer is such, that I should be surprised to meet with any objection in either of the other quarters."

53.

A CONSULTATION.

THE state of my mind on leaving the Baron may easily be imagined. I was assailed by a chaos of conflicting ideas and considerations; and my embarrassment was the more distressing, as the injunction of secrecy precluded the possibility of friendly advice in a matter of such deep moment. My situation resembled that of Hercules at the cross-road, with this difference, that, in the choice he had to make, the question of right and wrong admitted of no doubt. But, in my case, I beheld on one side the solicitations of an art to which I had attached myself, and which I cherished with devoted zeal; while, on the other, I had before me the most tempting prospects of a solid and brilliant good fortune, under the auspices of a patron whose weight with the Sovereign, and powerful influence in the state, were notorious;—of a patron, the uncle, the father by adoption, of Amelia!

Even Mrs. Bauer observed the perturbed state of my feelings; but probably the unremitting attention which her husband required prevented her from pressing the subject. Dr. von Müller called the ensuing morning; and while expressing a highly favourable opinion as to the state of Mr. Bauer, added: "I wish I could say the same of

another Monplaisir patient I have just seen. The niece of Baron Dohm, Miss Waldheim, from exposing herself to the keen night-air and the notoriously damp and noxious atmosphere of the place, lies at this moment dangerously ill...."

"Miss Waldheim dangerously ill?" I exclaimed in the greatest agitation.

"The commencement of either a bilious or typhus fever; the symptoms as yet are not sufficiently decisive. She talked, I was informed, very incoherently in her sleep all night, and her pulse is full 150. Some benefit may reasonably be expected from a dozen leeches and a blister I have ordered to be applied instantly; but, at best, the disorder is likely to be of some duration. That stagnant marsh at the back of the rock, which was left undrained when old Naufels built the place, sends forth the most mephitic vapours, especially at this season of the year."

This unexpected intelligence filled me with horror and dismay. In the anguish of my heart, I already beheld poor Amelia a corpse, a victim, perhaps, not of cold or mephitic vapours, but of a concatenation of occurrences at Monplaisir, to which I had given rise. The pique I had felt at her coolness and repulsive neglect gave way in an instant to the keenest sympathy for the poor girl's unmerited sufferings, and to bitter reproaches against myself. My love to her rekindled from

its embers into an intense flame; willingly would I now have sacrificed my existence for the preservation of her precious life. In the midst of these painful sensations, I received a message from Baron Dohm, to say that he was prevented from receiving me, and that he would let me know when he could see me.

Never before or since have I felt so completely wretched. Hours of racking mental torment succeeded each other at a lingering pace. The uncertainty whether Amelia might not already have breathed her last haunted me at every step; and I anxiously waited for the evening, at which time Dr. von Müller was expected to visit Mr. Bauer. But even this opportunity of obtaining intelligence was denied me: he sent word that unless Mr. Bauer were worse (he was recovering apace, and complained of being starved,) he could not possibly see him.

In this state of distraction I left the house in the dark, and walking to and fro in the vicinity of Baron Dohm's, kept watch to see whether I might not meet with somebody from the house, of whom I might ask the fearful tidings. But no one issued from the abode of sorrow. My despair was at its height; indifferent as to the consequences, I determined to enter myself. On approaching the portico, I heard behind me the steps of a person apparently in great haste: it was a

male servant of the house, whom I had seen before.

"Does she live?"

"She was alive not half an hour ago, when I went for these medicines; if she's dead, *you*, *Sir*, —*you have to answer for it!!*"

A feeling of horror seized my frame at these dread words: they rang in my ears as the verdict of the last judge of our deeds. I sank for a moment senseless against a pillar. The servant had entered the house when I recovered my faculties, and with them a full consciousness of my misery. The door again opened; the same female came up to me.

"I was afraid, Sir," said she in a tone of less harshness, "I had done you some harm by what I said just now; so I came to look for you to tell you that Miss Waldheim is asleep, and they say she breathes more freely than she has done hitherto."

A piece of money, with which I rewarded these tidings, having rendered the girl more communicative, I asked the ground of the dread accusation she had just before uttered against me.

"May-be, Sir," she replied, "I have been too harsh and hasty, from the love I bear to our good young lady. Indeed, I know little enough about the business; but they say you used her very unkindly in the gardens; and we all suspect she

must have a liking for you, Sir; for, while talking beside herself as the fever was upon her, she would call out, '*Franck! Franck!*' every now and then: and pray, Sir, what 's your Christian name?—Well, then, as I was sitting up with her all night, I heard her more than once call out, '*Stay, stay, Ferdinand! don't leave me, Ferdinand!*' and such like: and at one time she rose in her bed, and sang so sweetly, it made my heart ache; it was something about her birthday. You don't know, Sir, how shocking it is to hear people sing when they are in such a way; and 'tis a bad sign, you may depend upon it: they sing their....."

Here the girl's name was called from within, and she abruptly left me plunged in the deepest distress. An inward monitor whispered that I had a duty to perform: what that duty was—how to proceed—I was at a loss to decide. Whom was I to consult? Mrs. Bauer? Her opinion was too averse to my attachment to render her counsel unbiassed.

The resolves of young men are often bold and extraordinary: the step I determined upon, even now surprises me.

"Is Mr. Bauer worse?" asked Dr. von Müller as I entered his library. In undeceiving him, at once, with due apologies for the liberty I was taking, informed him that the purport of my call

was to receive correct intelligence of the state of Miss Waldheim, and to be permitted to impart to him a confidential communication concerning that lady, the nature of which I considered to be of the highest moment at the present crisis.

"Whatever may be the nature of a communication of this kind, Mr. Franck," replied Dr. von Müller, "you must entertain very erroneous ideas of the sacred duties of our profession, if you think that I can listen to it. Surely you cannot expect that I should be the intermediate channel of a communication of this description, which, moreover, would be physically out of all question."

"Far be such a thought from me! All I ask is, that you will permit me to state to you certain circumstances; and to leave it to your discretion—to your humanity, perhaps—to make of them whatever use you may judge proper."

"Impossible! Mr. Franck! I cannot—I will on no account hear you!"

"Not hear me?" I exclaimed with some warmth: "What! if the statement were calculated to produce a salutary change in the health of the patient—if it were more available than your drugs—do the sacred duties of your profession enjoin you to spurn it?"

"Young man! it is not from you that I am to be taught those duties, or to be insulted within

my own walls: I desire you will withdraw instantly."

"Then, Sir, may the blood of the victim you might perchance have saved rest on your conscience!"

With these emphatic words, unjustifiable even in the agitation of my harassed mind, I left the room: he recalled me before I had descended the stairs.

An explanation ensued: I gladly apologized for the offensive warmth of my conduct: calm was restored; and I was allowed to proceed, with the understanding, that Dr. von Müller would passively hear me, without expressing an opinion on his part. I now entered upon a brief, but sincere and undisguised narrative of every occurrence which could have reference to the attachment I bore to Miss Waldheim, and to the suspicions under which I might have fallen. I dwelt on all that passed at Monplaisir, and concluded by protesting, in the most solemn manner, my innocence—my unalterable love to Amelia—my firm determination to live or die for her sake. "If," said I, in concluding, "an intimation to this effect, made at a proper time, were capable of producing some favourable change, whatever might be the result as to myself, my gratitude to you, Sir, could only terminate with my breath; while the proud thought of having saved the life of a

llow-being must cheer every moment of your istence."

The doctor, without saying a syllable in reply, se from his chair, enjoined secrecy as to this iterview—the first and last as he desired it to s—and wished me good-night.

The intelligence of Amelia's health, which I ntrived to procure during two or three subse-ıent days, was but of a doubtful nature: it pro-eded from the female servant before-mentioned. /hat should we be without the kind, the endear-g sympathies of that sex? They share our sor-ws; and, when love is in the question, their aid d interest are seldom wanting. It was in the ırk of the night, under the lime-trees sur-unding the parade—the spot is indelibly en-aven on my memory!—I again met the partici-ting Lucy.

"The doctor," she whispered with hasty ut-rance, "has seen her this evening and *declared r out of danger!*" The sensation which thrilled rough my frame must not be described: I fell und the girl's neck, smothered her with kisses, ared my pockets of a crown-piece and some ange,—all I possessed of transferable property; d in ecstasy repeated the salutation. "You de-rve to have her, Mr. Franck," she exclaimed ıphatically; "I'm sure you'll make an excellent ıband."

54.

SAD GOOD NEWS.

EVERY day brought more hopeful tidings, until I received a message to attend Baron Dohm. This summons completed my joy; for what could be its object but to consummate my happiness!

The Baron received me with fascinating affability; and assured me, in the strongest terms, of the interest he took, and would never cease to manifest, in my future welfare. "The plan I had in view," he continued, "of attaching you to the diplomatic mission in contemplation, I am sorry to say, has proved impracticable—sorry, more on my account than on yours; for my endeavours to serve you in some other way have been successful beyond expectation. Indeed, in the happy news which I am about to communicate to you, my dear Sir, I can scarcely claim any other merit than that of having seconded a fortunate developement of circumstances entirely owing to yourself."

"Your Excellency's kindness ....."

"Not mine, my dear Mr. Franck, but that of our most gracious Sovereign, whose discernment and innate benevolence are ever on the watch to cherish talent and genius among his subjects. Yours, it seems, have not escaped his observation the less so, perhaps, as it regards an art to which

he himself is passionately devoted. Count Erlach, the Earl Marshal, a great connoisseur, and a leading man in our opera affairs, mentioned our little performance at Monplaisir, and with it the abilities you displayed on an unforeseen emergency. His Royal Highness, in condescending to compliment me on the production, made some inquiries concerning you; and I need not add how happy I felt in that opportunity of doing justice to your talents, and contributing to your future welfare."

The thanks I muttered were forced; my heart began to misgive with sinister forebodings.

"'The plant,' said our excellent Monarch, 'is the more valuable, as it is of indigenous growth: it shall be cherished, that the country may take pride in its fruit.' In short, Mr. Franck, it is His Royal Highness's gracious determination that you should enlarge the sphere of your knowledge by a suitable course of study abroad."

"Abroad!"

"Yes, Mr. Franck: you are forthwith to proceed to Vienna, in the first instance; furnished, of course, with all necessary introductions and facilities to pursue your career to the greatest advantage. And, at the proper time, it is the Sovereign's further gracious intention that you should visit Italy, the land of song and harmony!"

"Can it be possible!"

"Even so, Mr. Franck. An annual stipend of

two hundred ducats, to commence from th
January last, has been assigned to you
Treasury. To this signal act of our Mo
munificence you will permit me to make
nual addition of fifty ducats, as a token of
friendship, for the present. On my future
tion and my constant endeavours to promo
welfare I desire you will place unlimited
ence. Nothing, therefore, remains but a
compliance with His Royal Highness's
The commands of princes, you must be aw
impatient of delay. It is by expedition t
will best evince your gratitude. The st
Ratisbon sets out on Thursday: as I have h
share in this matter, you will oblige me by a
yourself of that opportunity."

I was so stupefied at the Baron's comm
tion, and, above all, at the haste with wl
pressed my departure, that for some mom
felt incapable of uttering a syllable. A
pause, however, I gladly availed myself of t
plea for delay which seemed to be left. I
the necessity of writing to Feldberg, to obt
sanction of both my uncle, Mr. Nicholas
and my patron, Baron Wolditz.

"Their approbation," replied Baron
"though almost a matter of course in such
appeared to me equally indispensable; I, th
took upon myself to anticipate your wishes.

ket, which you may read at your leisure, will ; your mind at rest on that point."

This unforeseen stroke of the Baron's diplomacy ıfounded my senses. I stood mute; my eyes ed on the direction in Mr. Nicholas Franck's mulous scholastic handwriting.

"Well, then, Mr. Franck," exclaimed the Ba-, tapping my shoulder familiarly, "you 'll rt on Thursday morning. I shall not say ieu! call on Wednesday evening, when the let-s of recommendation and your travelling purse ıll be in readiness. Meanwhile, this trifle will ve to assist your immediate equipment. Fare-ll for the present!"

[remained immovable; a heavy load weighed my mind: it seemed as if I were voluntarily ıenting to my banishment—to eternal separa-ı from my beloved Amelia;—a separation con-ed perhaps—ah, surely contrived without her owledge. What! fly, desert her, without seeing ? bend, a willing tool, under the evident machi-ions of an artful uncle; overawed by his autho-r, cajoled by his insinuating professions of ndship? Never! said I to myself; this is the ment to assert thy dignity as a man. Now, or ver!

Baron Dohm was preparing to withdraw, when, ı tone of respectful decision, I expressed a hope, Miss Waldheim's convalescence was happily so

far advanced, of being permitted to take my leave of her.

"Under existing circumstances," said the Baron, in a tone of deep significancy, "this will scarcely be practicable, or even advisable: you really must not think of it."

"To see Miss Waldheim before my departure," I replied with measured firmness, "I conceive to be a matter of such paramount duty, that without it—your Excellency must permit me to observe—I cannot think of proceeding on my journey."

The Baron shrunk back in momentary astonishment; but collecting himself, and recovering the self-possession and presence of mind seldom out of the reach of the man of the world, he said, with evident emotion, "You have touched a string, Mr. Franck, the slightest vibration of which I fondly hoped to have escaped. As it is, farther silence on my part becomes impossible, and an explanation indispensably requisite, and indeed highly desirable on both sides. In this, too, the unreserved sincerity which I mean to use towards you will afford a further proof of my friendship and my thorough confidence in your honour and sense of justice. I am aware of the attachment you entertain for my niece, which, *were it even reciprocal*, could never lead to a union between parties so distant in rank and station, but only involve them in disappointment and ruin. Yet, deeply as I have cause to

regret this inconsiderate attachment on your part, far be it from me to utter a word of reproach. We are not masters of our affections, and I can find a ready excuse if a young man of your discernment yielded to the attractions, both intellectual and moral, with which Providence and the highest possible culture have gifted my excellent niece."

"A superior being, an angel in human form, whose happiness....."

"Whose happiness and mine, you, my dear Mr. Franck, I am sure, would be the last to disturb."

"Seal, rather, at the sacrifice of my life."

"Well, then, my young friend, let a fond parent entreat, let him supplicate you to yield to the dictates of prudence, and to suppress a rash and youthful passion, as hopeless as it must prove ruinous to your future, your brilliant prospects. The sacrifice on your part is great, I allow; but not too great in a noble mind like yours. It is by this act of generous resignation that you will secure the happiness of my niece."

"If this were Miss Waldheim's opinion, the sacrifice, however painful, would be a matter of duty."

"And what reason have you, Mr. Franck, to doubt it? Has she ever given you any assurance, any encouragement?"

"Your Excellency's question is rather pointed.

To answer it in the affirmative would be an act of presumption—a departure from strict candour."

"I knew it," said the Baron, with evident satisfaction. "This open and manly avowal only raises you the more in my esteem."

"That candour, at the same time, obliges me to add, that I have reasons which warrant a hope that my attentions have not been altogether indifferent to Miss Waldheim."

"Our imagination, Mr. Franck, acts but too often as the ready interpreter of our fond wishes. Your talents, your sincere and ingenuous disposition, I doubt not, have gained you the esteem of my niece, as they have won mine. The open and unreserved manner in which this esteem may have been manifested might naturally enough have created erroneous impressions, which, I am confident, time and absence will readily dispel."

"Never, your Excellency! nor do I feel justified in resorting to the remedy you allude to, unless I am convinced of being in error. Supposing these impressions were well-founded, what would Miss Waldheim think of my sudden, my, as it were, clandestine departure? No, indeed—under such circumstances, I cannot, I must not go."

"Well, but if she were apprised of the plan, if she were to approve it, would you dismiss all further scruple and proceed at once?"

"In that case my conscience, at least, would be

at ease; and, whatever sacrifice it might cost my feelings, I could have no objection to depart."

"Then, Mr. Franck, you may set out in peace! my niece is fully informed of every thing; and, what is more, she participates in the fortunate change of your prospects."

"What! approves of my departure? does she really, Sir, approve of my going?"

"The word of Baron Dohm, I trust, will be a sufficient pledge for the correctness of what I have stated. On my side, I place equal confidence in the fulfilment of the promise you have just made. But before we part, Mr. Franck, I have *one* more and a solemn request to make; and as its compliance on your part will secure the tranquillity of the few years I may have to live, the peace and honour of my family, and indeed your own happiness, I trust I shall not ask in vain.—May I hope, my generous young friend, that you will renounce that unfortunate attachment—that you will give up all farther thoughts of my niece?"

"Baron Dohm! if I were capable of uttering such a promise, I must be guilty of the basest dissimulation, incompatible with the sincere and ingenuous disposition for which your Excellency yourself has been pleased to give me credit. Impossibilities cannot, ought not to be promised."

"What appears to you impossible now, Mr. Franck, may soon cease to be so. All I shall ask

will be, your willingness to act fairly and honourably in furtherance of my anxious wish; or, rather, not to act in opposition to it, by entering into any correspondence, or resorting to any direct or indirect communication whatever. Your thoughts are your own; but your actions—"

"My actions, Baron Dohm, will ever be open and undisguised as my words. Your demand, therefore, such as you have now limited it, I cannot have a moment's hesitation in acceding to. Nay, I 'll go farther, by assuring your Excellency, that, deeply rooted and fervid as is my attachment to Miss Waldheim, I never harboured a thought of obtaining her hand without your Excellency's free and willing consent!"

"Noble young man! and can you give me this manly, this soothing assurance for the future?"

"For ever! by all that is sacred and dear to mankind!"

At this declaration the Baron's feelings were too powerful to be suppressed: he embraced me, protested that this was one of the happiest moments of his life, repeated in a more emphatic and solemn manner the promise of his future friendship, and, by the persuasion he used, obtained my acquiescence in his desire that I should set out on my journey without a previous interview with Amelia.

55.

CON FUOCO.

HE packet from Feldberg contained letters Baron Wolditz and my uncle, Mr. Nicholas ck. Both expressed their delight at my good ne, which they considered, naturally enough, he consequence of my praiseworthy conduct zealous diligence. The former added a al allowance of pocket-money to the appointed nd; and insisted, as the road to Ratisbon ed through Feldberg, that I should take my e so as to stop a few days with him and my le, and proceed with a subsequent coach to my her destination. The long epistle from the thy Mr. Nicholas Franck also dwelt with ght on the expected meeting, and was profuse vell-meant and profitable counsel for my future dance, amply backed by the opinions and say- s of the ancient writers in their original tongue: he had seen a letter from Mary Dickel to her her, the blacksmith, stating what a fine and gentleman I had become; and such a fa- rite with the fine ladies, that I seemed to be amed to take notice of former old friends. On s topic, therefore, my good uncle, who took it granted that looseness in principle is insepa- le from refinement in manners, thought it

incumbent on him to be the more impressive as my "unfortunate" cerebral conformation, as he termed it, like a lightning-conductor without the conducting chain, would be sure to attract the electric and destructive fluid of love in the saturated atmosphere of rank and fashion.

Mr. and Mrs. Bauer were overwhelmed with the unexpected intelligence of my sudden departure: the thoughts of separation at first completely overpowered their feelings. Upon cooler reflection, however, the latter, whose keen discernment clearly perceived causes and effects, felt convinced that the plan of Baron Dohm was prudent, and pregnant with the greatest advantages, if I had the discretion to avail myself of them. Mr. Bauer, as usual, entertained an opinion diametrically the reverse: first, because I had not learnt the hundredth part of what he could have taught me; secondly, because a dissolute capital, like Vienna, must prove a dangerous enemy to the studies of any young man, and especially of one whose susceptibilities had verified the craniological prognostic enounced in the introductory letter brought with him; and lastly, because he felt convinced that, had I stood firm, the union with Miss Waldheim must have taken place, in spite of the quartered pride and the artifices of her uncle, to whose assertion, as to her acquiescence in my departure, Mr. Bauer would yield little credit

unless he found it vouched by herself. Mrs. Bauer, on the contrary, saw in Amelia's silence a direct and convincing proof of her wish to put an end to expectations on my part, which she felt she had inconsiderately and wantonly raised. "The matter is clear enough," said Mrs. Bauer; "she has had a little sport with you, my poor Ferdinand, as with some others before: the game is finished; you are not the loser, as it happens; the laugh is on your side: all you have to do is, to make yourself happy, and think no more of her! 'Tis well you should be off without delay; and, much as it goes against my heart, I engage to get you ready by the appointed time: it is not a parting for life—we shall see each other again."

Under these conflicting opinions, my mind was far from being reconciled to the approaching journey: the promise of abstaining from any communication precluded my even availing myself of the channel through which I had hitherto obtained information of Amelia's state of health. Thus, while the preparations for my departure were actively proceeding, my mind remained in a state of passive fluctuation.

As I had not yet informed my honest Hebrew friend of the unexpected change in my circumstances, and as his avidity of news of any kind, together with his intercourse with the Dohm family, might afford me a chance of receiving some

information on the subject I had most at heart, I called on Mr. Benzheimer the next day. He no sooner saw my face, than he rapturously congratulated me on my good fortune, which, as well as the source whence it sprang, had already reached his ears. He was lavish in his praises of Baron Dohm's excellent character and benevolence; and felt convinced that his own representations of my merits, both to the Baron and his niece, had had their full influence on the present occasion. I took the opportunity of his mentioning Miss Waldheim, to ask how she was.

"Getting better every day, thank God!" he replied; "but hardly well enough, I should think, to go into the country."

"When is she to go?"

"*Gone*, Mr. Franck! the carriage passed under these windows not half an hour ago: his Excellency bowed to me as they went by. Poor thing! she looked yet very pale.—What's the matter, my good Sir?"

"Nothing!—nothing particular! only the intelligence surprised me, as I was to see Baron Dohm the day after to-morrow."

"Oh! he will be back by that time, I dare say; particularly, if he appointed you to call. I would take his word for hundreds of thousands, rather than the bonds of most of our high folks—Only gone to Perlstadt, to take Miss Waldheim to a

female relation, where she is to spend two or three weeks to recruit her strength."

Here, then, was another diplomatic stroke of the architect of my good fortune. Gone! without even a hint—Amelia gone! without so much as a kind message of farewell! I began to coincide in opinion with Mrs. Bauer; and, in communicating the intelligence to the latter, added that, as things stood, it was perfectly indifferent to me what I did, and hoped all would be ready in time for my departure.

Baron Dohm returned in the evening of the next day, and, at the appointed interview, put into my hands the letters of introduction, letters of credit, and other papers which he had promised. He mentioned the removal of his niece into the country; and added, "She expressly desires to be kindly remembered to you, and wishes you health and a prosperous journey. By mistake, she had packed up a song of yours, which she charged me to return."

"This, then," said I to myself, on proceeding from Baron Dohm's to my chamber—"this is the end of the fond dream of happiness I have been cherishing in delusion. '*Health, and a prosperous journey!!*' Is this all thou hadst to send to me, Amelia? And, for fear of retaining any thing that might remind you of the owner, a miserable scrap of paper is thrown back upon me with scorn! So saying, I tore the sheet and flung it to the ground.

But the paroxysm of anger was of short duration: I gathered the fragments, kissed them, and pressed them to my heart as sacred relics.—Strange mistake!—this, certainly, never was property of mine; nor was it from me she could have received it. All I ever gave to Amelia was the Ode on her Birthday: those, alas! were happier days! This song! is it meant as a taunt? or do the words convey some allusive meaning? no, the poetry is as neutral as the writing is brown with age—*Ah!* this "*con fuoco*," at least, is in fresh ink. These two words alone are recently written. Heavens! they are in Amelia's hand. *Con fuoco—with fire! With fire??* A thought flashed through my mind. I ran in leaps down the staircase, brought embers, held the fragment over them. Gracious powers! what do I behold!!

"*May Heaven's blessing attend your steps, dear Ferdinand!*

"*Your's, and* YOUR'S ONLY,

"A. W."

CONCLUSION.

At this decisive stage of the career of Ferdinand Franck, reasons, which it is needless to state, have rendered it advisable to close these Memoirs. At the same time, it has been felt due to those readers who may have taken some

interest in the Narrative, to subjoin a brief and rapid summary of the most important subsequent events.

Thus assured of Amelia's love, Ferdinand cheerfully mounted the Ratisbon stage, spent some days at Feldberg, where the improvement in his person and manners, and his mental accomplishments, endeared him more than ever to his patron, Baron Wolditz; and with a heavy heart he resumed his pilgrimage to his ulterior destination. Arrived in Vienna, he forthwith entered on his musical studies, which he had pursued for some time with unabated zeal and activity, when he was agreeably surprised by the unexpected intelligence of the arrival of Baron Dohm on the diplomatic mission before adverted to.

The Baron received Ferdinand's visit with kindness; and the favourable reports of his conduct and assiduity, which the minute inquiries of the minister met with in all quarters, greatly raised our young hero in his estimation. According to Baron Dohm, Amelia's health was restored; but he gave this information with some reserve: and one of his attendants assured Franck, that she had never recovered her former strength and spirits; and that he was sure the state of Amelia's health weighed seriously on his master's mind.

A young nobleman accompanied the Baron as his secretary; but the pleasures of the gay and luxurious capital accorded infinitely more with his inclinations than the writing of dispatches and framing complicated accounts of pecuniary claims. He was seldom at his post; and the Baron once or twice found it necessary to request the assistance of Ferdinand's pen. These calls gradually became more frequent. Ferdinand, as may be supposed, did his best; without, however, neglecting his professional pursuits. The Baron thus had repeated opportunities of discovering talents before unknown to him; and Ferdinand soon became a favourite.

These occupations, however, were suddenly interrupted by a letter from Mr. Nicholas Franck, at Feldberg. A sanguinary battle had been fought with the French army on the Rhine. Baron Fritz, the nephew of Baron Wolditz, in bravely leading his hussars into the thickest of the enemy, had received a mortal wound. The dismal tidings had so affected the old uncle that his life was despaired of: he anxiously desired to see Ferdinand; who was not to lose a moment, if he wished to find his patron alive.

Our hero travelled night and day; and on arriving he was fortunate enough to embrace his benefactor, who, although somewhat better, was still in imminent danger. For a fortnight, Ferdi-

nand did not leave the Baron's chamber: and it was, perhaps, as much to his incessant care, as to the skill of Dr. von Müller, whom Ferdinand had sent for from the capital, that the Baron's amendment could be attributed.

Dr. von Müller, before his return, took an opportunity of imparting to Baron Wolditz, under promise of secrecy, the attachment subsisting between Ferdinand and Amelia, the objections on the part of her uncle, and the precarious state of Amelia's health, which he ascribed to the frustrated hopes of their union. The old Colonel, disappointed in his expectation of a meeting with Baron Dohm at Feldberg, on the return of the latter from Vienna, proceeded to the capital as soon as he heard of the Baron's arrival; and, remarkable as he was at all times for taking the shortest road, opened the subject at once to his old friend; but found him as inexorable as ever, although he had declared to him that Ferdinand would be the sole successor to his property. Baron Dohm's obstinacy having roused the Colonel's temper, he asked the former whether he meant to add the sacrifice of Amelia to that of her father and mother, who had been the victims of the family pride of the Dohms. This awful home question eventually led to the wished-for result. The Baron desired time to ascertain in person the state and inclinations of Amelia; proceeded to the

friends in the country, with whom she had resided since Ferdinand's departure from the capital, and brought her back a willing companion.

Ferdinand, to whom the protracted absence of his benefactor had been a perfect mystery, was walking with Mr. Nicholas Franck, in the long chesnut avenue leading to the seat of Baron Wolditz, when they heard the merry cracking of whips, and a few moments afterwards espied the Baron in his carriage, accompanied by another gentleman and a lady. Mr. Nicholas Franck in vain attempted to follow the speed of his nimble nephew.

"Here she is, my boy!" exclaimed the old Colonel, as Ferdinand, with one leap, flew into the arms of Amelia. "Old Wolditz has laid siege—the Governor has surrendered on capitulation—the fortress is yours!"

Ferdinand's fortune and subsequent career were splendid; and Mr. Aaron Benzheimer had cause to pride himself in having been "one of the prophets" when he declared, "that Mr. Franck would be a very great man, but not in the music."

THE END.

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